

**MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.** By Florence Bell.

2983



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SEVENTH SERIES.  
VOLUME XII.

NO. 2983. SEPT. 7, 1901.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CXXX.

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## CONCERNING THE RELATION BETWEEN MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

The mothers who are to-day in the position of having grown-up daughters, say "things were very different when we were girls;" they agree that there never has been a time in which the difference of "things"—presumably social ordinances, points of view, possibilities of independence, manners and customs, and the like—between one generation and another was so great. This may be so. At the same time the mothers have not had much opportunity of judging, for this is their only experience of seeing the change from one generation to another, since this is the only time in which they themselves have moved on from youth to middle age.

"Why, look you!" cries the amazed and bewildered mother who, having turned a corner, sees stretching before her an entirely unknown and not very pleasant aspect of the road along which she is travelling. "Here is a point of view that no one else has ever beheld before!" But the truth is that every mother in each succeeding generation, arrived at that same stage, has always beheld it. But it is of no good her trying to make those who follow her see it too; it is ordained that to them it must remain invisible until, at the ap-

pointed time, they turn that same corner themselves.

The words which head this article embody one of the most arduous problems we are called upon to face. Some of us face it consciously, others unconsciously; some from luck, and others by good intention, succeed in solving it. Of these we need not speak, of those happy mothers and daughters whose intercourse has no history, to whom it has been given to understand all that most blessed relation may mean of joy, of sympathy, of companionship. We are now considering those to whom that knowledge has not been vouchsafed, those who fall lamentably in solving the problem.

The onus of this failure, however, does not, I believe, lie upon the younger generation. When the problem is not satisfactorily dealt with, when the deposit of innumerable small mistakes on both sides has piled itself up until it has become consolidated into an almost insuperable barrier, I believe that the greater part of that deplorable result may be laid at the door of the parents, simply because they have generally been twice as long in the world as their children, and that they are therefore in full possession of a ripened

judgment and experience at a time when those who follow them have not yet acquired much of either. The difficulty is generally recognized to be greater between parents and children of the same sex, from the obvious reason that people bound to go along the same path must get more or less in each other's way. And this is much more likely to happen with mothers and daughters than with fathers and sons, from the fact that men go out into the world to make their livelihood and are therefore not doomed to the friction of constant companionship. On the whole the mother has less opportunity of friction, in England at any rate, with a son than with a daughter. The son is a great deal more away from home than his sisters, thanks to our plan of sending him from our surveillance during the most impressionable and plastic years of his life. He is treated, when at home for the holidays, as though he were a privileged being, to whom the ordinary rules of behavior do not apply. His peccadilloes are of a different kind from those of his sisters; he is judged by a different standard; the burthen of his mother's exasperation is carried by her on another shoulder, which relieves the strain. When her daughter does something which departs from the mother's habitual standard, that departure cannot be justified by the fact that she is of a different, mysteriously interesting sex. It is often on quite minor points of difference from what the mother has become accustomed to take for granted, that the foundation of the permanent divergence, the permanent ill-feeling, may be laid, which casts a secret shadow over so many homes—how many, is, unfortunately, not a subject that can be ascertained by statistics. The result, however, of observation is generally to make us feel that the instances are rare in which there is not a certain amount of what may be

called affectionate friction. I am speaking now of those mothers and daughters who have not to share with one another the pressure of want, whose possible privations may be of luxuries only—almost as souring, perhaps, to certain natures not nobly schooled. I am speaking of homes in which the women of the family have not each a separate compulsory bread-winning occupation, but have instead an equally compulsory portion of inadequately filled leisure; homes of which the inmates have means to pursue any branch of frivolity or study that may appeal to them, and whose choice of occupation, therefore, determined not by necessity but by inclination, is at the mercy of caprice or of mistaken aptitudes. What are the chances that the family intercourse under these conditions will be entirely satisfactory? Let us assume for the purpose of argument that one out of every two homes makes a success of the situation, and then let us leave, as we have said before, these happy homes out of the question. Let us see whether any reason and any remedy can be found for the unsatisfactory relations between mothers and daughters which meet us at every turn. One of the great difficulties is that the sufferers are at first not conscious that they are facing any difficulty at all. They go on the principle, "take care of the friends and the relations will take care of themselves," not realizing that perfect smoothness of family intercourse can be attained only by incessant watchfulness, by deliberate and sustained effort. Most people who do not "get on," according to the phrase, with members of their family, seek the remedy—if they do seek one at all and do not confine themselves to complaint—in an absolutely wrong direction, and are about as likely to cure the evil as if they tried to heal a broken leg with the remedies suitable for scarlet fever.

The way to deal sanely with this



question is to look at it not solely and sentimentally in the aspect of mother and child, but of two human beings, each looking at life exclusively from her own point of view and feeling an unconscious resentment against the other for not seeing it in the same light. The daughter cannot reasonably be expected to guess at the mother's point of view; the mother ought to be more able to recognize the daughter's, but she is commonly too busy looking at her own. It is not at all a foregone conclusion that two average grown-up persons of the same sex will be able to live happily under the same roof, arrived at the time when their lives, respectively widening, have different and specific necessities. When between two such people the grown-up and final developments of aptitude and occupation have been in the same direction, when they have sympathy of tastes added to the daily community of interest, unimpaired by unfavorable manifestations on one side or the other, then, and not otherwise, it may be possible for two members of the same family and the same sex to live together as the years go on, and derive from that prolonged companionship an ever-increasing, solidly founded happiness. But saying this, I postulate a great deal. For two average women, equipped with an average share, and no more, of abnegation, of self-control, of tact, of kindness, of sympathy, are bound, if thrown together, constantly to find difficulties in the path. This is probably why the stepmother of fiction is always presented in a lurid light. It is taken for granted by the experience of ages that it is impossible for an older and a younger woman to live together in harmony unless helped by having the tie of so-called "natural" affection between them, that is, the tie of instinctive and unreasoning sympathy that often, although not invariably, exists between blood relations. But

that link is not nearly so strong as it is conventionally supposed to be, and the real mother, too blindly depending upon it, may find that it gives way suddenly at the critical moment.

It is a somewhat complicated question of ethics how long the daughter who does not marry must perforce continue to live at home. If she had gone away to be married, it would have been assumed that the mother could perfectly well have been left, that it would not have been essential to her needs or to her welfare that her daughter should be at her beck and call. Or, again, if it had been necessary for pecuniary reasons, the daughter might have gone away and have had her own career and occupation, and made her own livelihood; and yet for some mysterious reason an instinctive feeling is found in nearly all of us that it would be downright wicked of the daughter, even if she is able to afford it, to go away and live under a separate roof somewhere else simply because she has a natural desire to live her own life in independence and out of tutelage; or, if it is not wicked, it is considered "odd" and a thing that would be talked about. But the misery of being talked about exists mainly in our imagination. It is not often, if ever, that we actually hear the things that are said of us; we only imagine them. Our imagination figures with great definiteness what would be said in the contingency of a daughter leaving her parents' roof to go away and live by herself. But we do not probably in our daily life vex our souls by considering—and it is just as well we do not—whether people ever make comments upon the fact that the relations between that mother and daughter who have so unimpeachably remained together, are commented on by the people who have an opportunity of observing it in terms of criticism that, extending over many years, swell to a

more formidable bulk, probably, than the nine-days wonder that might be caused by the daughter going away. And yet, assuming that the daughter were of independent means, it would, it seems to me, be incalculably better that she should, if she wishes it, lead an independent life. If everything is in the mother's hands, supposing her to be a widow so left that the daughter is dependent on her for an allowance, and, therefore, obliged to ask her assent to every step she wishes to take in life, the difficulties of the situation may be inconceivably multiplied. It is a situation deplorable for both; it brings out unsuspected meannesses and opportunities of exasperation. But even in cases where this difficulty has not arisen, where the mother and daughter are simply living at home together in the family circle, it is incredible in how many small ways, under unfavorable conditions, life can be embittered by those two for one another and for themselves.

The parent starts with a large fund of affection to draw upon, for the tendency of the child is instinctively and unreasoningly to love and depend upon the person who brings it up. It may be said that from two years old onwards, every year lessens, by a very little it may be, but still lessens, the child's absolute and unquestioning confidence in what is told him by his elders. The imprint, I verily believe, can be indelibly made during that time only. But this is the moment when the average mother, however well meaning, loving and anxious she may be, however careful about the wholesomeness of her child's food, the width of its boots, and the becomingness of its hats, leaves it, as to its moral equipment, to receive in the nursery from untrained teachers a great number of rough and ready inadequate maxims of conduct, enforced by empirical methods varying in stringency according to the

nervous condition or temperament of the enforcer. The very best servants, although they may have the crude and clearly defined virtues of their class even to excess, such as honesty, cleanliness, faithfulness and sobriety, are not necessarily the best educators; they may still be deficient in susceptibility to the finer shades of conduct, respecting which the standards of those of gentle birth and training are as different from those of a different origin as are their standards of enjoyment.

Then follows the schoolroom phase. The mother, by her preoccupation with her younger children, if for no other reason, is frequently incapacitated at this stage from keeping in touch with the studies of the older ones. It is now with the governess, not with the mother, that the most frequent opportunities of collision must obviously arise, and it is, therefore, with the former that the discipline, the moulding of character, must chiefly lie. Then comes the crucial moment of all, when the girl emerging from the schoolroom is projected into the existence of her mother, who suddenly finds the care and responsibility of this full-fledged human being thrown entirely on herself, her own habits interfered with, her daily life complicated. The mother then takes counsel of her friends, and there are very few friends who have not another intimate friend who keeps a school to which they have heard of somebody's daughter going. This obviously settles the question. More than once has a mother said to me, "It was such a great difficulty to know what to do with Barbara for this next year, so I have sent her to school. I am told that Miss So-and-So has the most extraordinary knack of getting hold of girls." So the girl goes to school, and Miss So-and-So does get hold of her, probably greatly to the advantage both of her character and of her intelligence; but the fact remains that dur-

ing the process it is not the girl's relations with her home, with her mother, that have been consolidated, but her relations with some one else's home. I am not assuming that for a child to be with its mother is necessarily a liberal education; but since, on the whole, those of the same family are thrown more in each other's society than in that of other people, it is more convenient, more expedient, more seemly, that the strong hold of affection and sympathy thus almost artificially induced, should be between those who have the tie of nature and association, whose interests are in common.

But we will assume that the girl has remained at home, that no outward influences have, deliberately at any rate, been brought to bear upon her, and that the mother, although but dimly apprehending the immeasurable importance of the situation she is called upon to face, is now in sole charge of her child's mind and character. One initial unconscious difficulty is that the mother starts with the secret hope, not to say expectation, that her children will somehow be better equipped than most—better looking, better mannered, better natured, better witted. On this assumption she anxiously, nervously, deals with the situation all day long, incessantly pointing out what she considers her daughters' lapses from the right path. But misled by the lofty expectations we have described, ordinary human lapses appear to her terrible. In her efforts to direct aright the flood of information suddenly demanded from her, she is led to impart more than is absolutely prescribed by duty. She feels at every moment the obligation to "improve" the occasion, as it is called, an enurely misleading expression, for it very often spoils the occasion altogether, especially as her criticisms are apt to be based not only on the Just Man's eternal principles of conduct, but on her own personal preju-

dices and idiosyncrasies. She rebukes with as much irritation and severity the fact that her daughters pronounce a word differently from herself, or wear a different kind of underclothing, or do their hair in a way she considers unbecoming, as she would if they infringed one of the ordinances of the moral code. And it is not, generally speaking, heroic misdeeds on the part of the daughter that call for admonition; it is not always that she wishes to become a missionary, or to go on the stage, or to marry an adventurer. It is mostly by a thousand minor departures from the demeanor, opinions and conduct which the people she lives with would consider desirable that she offends; and it is, unhappily, her mother who is *ex-officio* the daily and hourly critic of such offences. There is nothing unpleasant in the mere juxtaposition of youth and middle age. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a girl at the impressionable, enthusiastic, absurd stage of her entrance into grown-up life to take violent admiration for some woman older than herself, in whom she is ready to confide, to whom she turns for guidance, from whom she will accept suggestions that would make no impression if they were part of what she considers the inevitable home criticism. And it is natural that it should be so. What the girl objects to is not the contact with a wider experience, with another phase of life. On the contrary, these are essentially interesting to her; but from her mother she apparently cannot get them without an admixture of reproof and correction added to the communication of experience. We all know that it is easier on occasion to pour out our souls, to make some special confidence, to one who will then pass out of our ken and will not from circumstances have incessant opportunities of interpreting the daily round of our actions by that moment of self-revelation. "In

the breast of all of us," says Stevenson, "a poet has died young." Sometimes he dies hard, killed by others. The seething inward ferment of the girl at the moment when she finds herself on a level, as she conceives it, of standing, outlook, comprehension, with those who have achieved what she, of course, means to achieve, is a phase that should be tenderly, wisely, sympathetically, dealt with by those who can influence her. It is at this period that many mothers, if they overhear fragments of their daughters' conversation with a companion of her own standing of either sex will probably become aware that, although in daily life she appears a hearty young person enough, her soul is in reality oppressed by the gloomiest doubts as to whether life is worth living; she is representing herself as morbid, lurid, her life is clouded, her heart is barren. But the way to correct these distressing manifestations is not to say "Jane, how absurd!" nor need they make the parent anxious. It is astonishing how compatible they are with a keen, healthy enjoyment of life and pleasure.

It requires a great deal of deliberate thought and sense on the part of the mother to play the confidant adequately; in fact, I believe that the best way is to remain the onlooker, and learn enough by the intuition of close and daily companionship not to need any more explicit information about ephemeral contingencies. Let one girl tell another the enthralling news of words and looks; it is not dignified that the mother should sanction it, it is not always necessary that she should disapprove of it. Confidences of another kind, respecting aspirations, points of view, ambitions, self-appreciation, self-consciousness, are more difficult, generally speaking, for the reasons given earlier, for the girl to make to one by the side of whom she lives; but happy is the mother to whom they are freely

given, happier still the one who is wise enough to deal with them in the right way.

It is an open question, and one of the most interesting, how far it is advantageous to put the point of view of a more advanced time of life before those who are younger. I am not now speaking of the intimate underlying personal view of the flight of time, whether it be resentment or resignation. That is a grievance which the most sympathetic and understanding of young creatures cannot appreciate, cannot receive in any other way but with impatient inward criticism. I am speaking of the general change of focus, the re-adjustment of expectation that must inevitably accompany the passage of the years. Is it not better to leave each one to find that out for herself?

There are many axioms, as a great French writer has said, which we go on hearing half our lives without understanding them, until one day we suddenly realize what they mean. Is it good for the young to have their minds filled with such axioms, with undigested philosophy of existence prematurely imparted? One is apt to crystallize one's opinion of an idea, of a principle, as of a person or a place, by one's impression on first coming into contact with it; and the question is whether the idea, clear in later life and better assimilated, does not forego some of its possible advantages by presenting itself to the younger mind when it cannot appear in the right focus. This, it seems to me, also bears cogently upon the question of the selection of reading for younger people. I am not—I speak as one behind the age—an advocate for indiscriminate reading. We are no longer in the days when *Elia's* "Bridget" was early "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasture;" these words were written when

the novel of daily life was only just beginning to make its way. The mass of second-rate literature that overflows from the closets of to-day is far from being a fair and wholesome pasturage. And even were it less noxious than it is, I cannot, as I have said, think it an advantage for the child or the young girl to anticipate experience by reading and pondering over accounts of a phase of life she has not yet reached, of which the descriptions, readjusted by nothing in her own experience, must necessarily come to her in some inflated and unnatural proportion. Let this point of view be explained to her instead of angrily forbidding the undesirable book, and she will probably accept it. There are young people of precociously developed mind and temperament from whom it is difficult to keep the problems that should come later, and that, coming at their own time, are unobjectionable. We ought to distinguish between that which is simply a somewhat undesirable anticipation of experience and that which is essentially undesirable at any time, and the former should not be treated as a crime.

\* \* \* \*

We may come, I think, to the conclusion, on the whole, that in most cases the relations between an average and well-intentioned mother with a normal daughter, both brought daily face to face with commonplace difficulties which they try, in a haphazard way, to overcome, are neither all they should be nor all they should not be; life is quite possible, although not always agreeable, and if, as time goes on, the daughter marries and goes away before the antagonism latent in the situation has had time to reach an acute stage, all may still be well. They then no longer feel the discomfort of trying to keep in step, since they are no longer linked together. But if the girl does not marry? Then we have to consider

a graver aspect of the question. The antagonism between the two natures, who would have done excellently apart under conditions in which certain evil possibilities would have remained for ever dormant, arrives now at a point at which it poisons the whole of existence. On which side does the fault lie? I am inclined to think that—not as to the initial antagonism, but as to the way of dealing with it—it lies with the mother.

As to the original differences of nature which prevent a harmonious understanding, it is no more possible to say which of the two people concerned is in fault than it was possible in our childhood to say which of two pieces that would not fit in a puzzle map was at fault. In some cases (I have known in my own experience of three and have been told of others) this growing antagonism finally reaches the proportions of an absolute furious enmity on the part of the mother. I have heard stories of such cases which would be quite incredible if they were not based on incontrovertible evidence. I know of a mother—a woman of position and means—who, after banishing her daughter to the back regions of the house, inflicting all kinds of menial work upon her, refusing to give her any of the opportunities of her age, any means or any diversion, afterwards relapsed into exactly the same attitude towards a younger girl who, when a child, had been indulged and petted. The situation happily does not often become as bad as this, but the cases are many where these possibilities exist in embryo, and in which the eldest daughter especially has her whole life darkened by the shadow of her relations with her mother, a shadow which seems darker when she sees the light and warmth shed on the path of her younger sisters. If we try to get to the bottom of this question, we shall probably come reluctantly to the con-



clusion that if the actors in the drama are devoid of the finer, nobler instincts, these results, more or less marked, are the inevitable outcome of the conditions. There is more than one reason why the brunt of the difficulty should fall upon the eldest daughter rather than upon the younger ones. The average mother, who has married, say, in her early twenties, is, when her first children grow up and are at what is called the "difficult age," at a still more difficult moment in her own life. It has dawned on her that she has left her youth behind her, although, until her children grew up, she thought she was still young; she is entering upon that phase which is aptly called the youth of old age; she has embarked upon that time of transition through middle age, which is to some women fraught with bitterness and resentment. These are very crude expressions, but it is well perhaps when we are safeguarded by the fact that we are considering a problem in the general and not in the personal, to try to look it absolutely in the face, to speak the truth about it, and to use the words which really describe it. The woman of the nature I am contemplating, realizing that her youth is behind her, looks round her with a despairing glance, and vents that despair upon the person in the foreground of her life who is her constant and subordinate companion, and who, worse than all, is daily giving unconscious testimony that she is just entering into possession of all that the other has left behind. She is unhappily the person directed by destiny to make that truth clear. In the merest details of daily life she may constantly be an obstacle in the mother's path. The mother, perhaps, still feels that her own clothes are important, she still looks in the glass, people still call upon her whom she wishes to please. If she has any mild hobby, any favorite occupation (I am leaving out

of the question those who have the saving grace, the absorbing interest, of an occupation, above all an art, pursued with success), she endeavors to go on with them. She reads, she learns languages, she plays the piano, she goes to a studio. She knows pretty well by this time what she is going to make of any of these things, although she may not have cared to define it clearly to herself, but they serve to fill up time. Then comes the young and eager creature ready to embark upon any or all of these occupations, full of excitement, of enthusiasm, of ambition, of hope. She accepts as a matter of course that her mother is still cultivating them mildly, after the fashion, she possibly thinks, of parents, whose attainments, learning and achievements, compared to those of a later day, must naturally be inadequate; she herself is the person for whom it matters. Her occupations are much more important than anything that her mother wants her to do; her clothes, her appearance, her pleasures must come first. The mother had been walking along a smooth and even path; but now she is constantly confronted by small obstacles. The spectator looking on at an unfortunate relation of this sort between a mother and daughter is apt to formulate it very crudely, and to say the mother is jealous of the daughter. Perhaps that is the real name for it, and yet it suggests something to which too definite and special a meaning has been given. What is to be done, then, to remedy this miserable state of things? The misfortune is that the terms of the contract drawn by nature are so terribly vague. The mother interprets them to mean that the daughter must be always available for her mother's service. The daughter when she resents that interpretation is told by the mother that she is selfish. Unselfishness, however, is a difficult quality to teach. It is extremely



difficult for the mentor not unconsciously to slide into the position from which she is endeavoring to move the other person, thus becoming selfish herself. This is one of the hardest problems the briager-up has to face, and it is probably best solved not by evading it but by facing it completely, by boldly taking up the position of having the prior claim for consideration and indulgence of proclivities, and assuming that on occasions when that claim is insisted on younger people should at once admit it. On the grounds of practical expediency this is probably a tolerably good working basis. "An two men ride a horse, one must ride behind," says the proverb, and it is less misleading than such analogies generally are. But the person who rides in front should be wise and careful, and, above all, should know what are the stumbling-blocks to be avoided, should exercise unceasing watchfulness, unceasing self-control, should have wisdom in foreseeing difficulties, tact in dealing with them when they arise.

In this way the mother—and it is her best hope—may lay a foundation of affection, trust and confidence so strong that it can withstand the successive strain of the years. No temporary remedies, no dealing rightly with isolated difficulties, are of much good. The essential thing is to make the link between the mother and her children so solid that when the moment of tension comes it will not break.

Young people go through life by the side of an older one like a young dog taken out for a walk; they are always running across the path sideways, darting into a hedge and into a ditch, stopping to wonder, rushing along the road, rushing back again. It would be as useless, indeed as ineffective, to insist upon accompanying them into every detail of companionship as it would be to dart in and out of the hedges with one's terrier. The impor-

tant thing is that one should be walking along the middle of the road all the way, ready whenever one's young companion comes back again. The sense of permanent and enduring companionship is not given necessarily by sharing the identical pursuit, by reading the very letter written or received from the friend; but it is given by sympathizing with the pleasure gained from the pursuit, by tolerating the mention and the frequentation of the friend, by abstaining from criticism, and above all from derision of the pursuit, the friend, the occupation that does not appeal to oneself, if that be the only ground on which it is objectionable. It is useless for us, the mothers of to-day, to take as a standard for the conduct of our daughters that which we in a past generation were called upon to do by our mothers. The daughters of that time did not go alone in hansoms, the well-to-do never travelled in third-class carriages or in omnibuses, there were no bicycles, there were petticoats, there were chaperons. We must not object to our daughters going out in the street alone because we used not to do so, nor hope that they will return to us between each dance at a ball as we returned to our mothers when we were young. But let us remember that with those mothers of ours, the grandmothers of to-day, the crucial question had been as to whether they should be allowed to waltz at all, or, still worse, dance the polka. But the grandmother ended by dancing the waltz, and the mother the polka, and the daughter the kitchen- (not to say the scullery-) lancers, and everything else she can find, and she will continue to dance gaily along the road until she finds her own daughter catching her up with some new mode of locomotion she has never dreamed of before. And so the world goes round. We think we know that it is moving; but we act as though we knew it stood still, and are secretly,

some of us, as firmly of that opinion as were any of the persecutors of Galileo.

We are much concerned in these days about the condition of society, in its widest sense; we discuss the national life, the social fabric, its deficiencies, the way to remedy them. We discuss what we shall do with our girls and boys, what the condition of women is, what they can do to make the world better. There is one thing, at any rate, that women could bring about; it is that the generation which is growing up should be wisely and carefully steered, that it should be sent out into the cold world happy and warm, with a

glowing belief in joy, in love, in gaiety, as well as in the nobler possibilities of the years to come; taking for granted a daily and understanding sympathy in the home, a constant grace of intercourse, a wise and courteous forbearance displayed by timely silence and kindly speech, an affection that gives a constant daily reassurance in the smaller as well as in the larger crises of life.

The family is an epitome of the community; and the influence of its wise governance and harmonious relations is bound to extend beyond the four walls of the home.

*Florence Bell.*

*The Monthly Review.*

## PEKING REVISITED.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY OF AUGUST, 1900.

BY MRS. ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

Standing a year ago in that chamber painted all around with fiercest lions, where the Mikado of Japan used to sleep surrounded by ladies of the court, because no mere man was held worthy of sufficient trust to approach so near the sovereign's sacred person, I wondered should I ever stand in the Emperor of China's private apartments. Now with the dust of the Forbidden City still clinging to my skirts, I begin to count upon yet one day visiting Lhasa, possibly even interviewing the great Lama, that one remaining ruler yet held in adoration and confinement.

We visit Rome and Athens to marvel at their ruined monuments, but it is the monumental ruins of Peking, the city of mixed memories, that move our wonder now. When I was there fifteen years ago no one ever cared to visit the Southern or the Eastern Cathedrals,

To-day the shattered, tottering wall, holding out its gaping windows to the eastern Tartar city, is gazed upon in silence and tears. We do not know how many murders—martyrdoms—those eyeless windows witnessed but last summer. Even the Pehtang or Northern Cathedral, when intact, was but a fine church, built to replace that earlier Northern Cathedral to which the Dowager Empress had objected as overlooking her garden, and which was therefore about to be ceded to her on the occasion of our previous visit. But now its facade riddled with shot, its aisles propped up by many beams, the trees behind with their bark gnawed off each—one of the sisters said "By our mules," but higher surely than any mule could reach—the tumble-down masses of brick and mortar behind the broken walls, the great pits where

the mines exploded, engulfing children by the hundred, all recall memories of heroism and yet of suffering so long endured that the heart aches, the eyes brim over with tears, and one sees all things through a mist. "There" says a young Portuguese sister, her big brown eyes luminous with the recollection, "there is where the Italian lieutenant was buried by a shell, and for three-quarters of an hour we could not dig him out. No, he was alive and only bruised. Ah! that young French lieutenant, that was sad! He was so good. We could but grieve."

Then we pause by the grave of the Sister Superior who lay dying as the relief came in, "too late for me," as she wrote. Her one thought for days past, "What can I give them to eat to-morrow? What can I give them to eat? There is nothing left." "The poor soldiers," said another sister, "they suffered so from hunger, although they tightened their belts every day. I tore all my letters into bits and made them cigarettes. Burnt paper is better than nothing. And they had nothing to smoke. That is so hard for a soldier." Then we paused by the great pit where so many children lie buried, blown up by the mine. "And we think there must be another mine over there not yet discovered," said the new Sister Superior. "If not why should that house over there have been completely shattered at the time of the explosion, if there were no mine connecting it?" The sisters are all great authorities upon mines and shells, now. They know too which trees' leaves are poisonous, and tell how the Chinese Christians swelled and suffered, trying to sustain life by eating them. They showed the remainder of their school children; three among them had before the siege lost both their feet through footbinding. "Surely you did not sleep here, whilst the cannonading

was going on?" "We always moved about with all our tail of children after us to where they seemed to be firing less," said the young Portuguese sister with the luminous brown eyes. Then came up an old sister of seventy-six. She too had survived the siege. We visited the Bishop. Did any of your Chinese recant?" "A few, very few." "I think 12,000 Christians have lost their lives," said Monseigneur Favier, "three of our European priests, four Chinese, and many of our Chinese sisters. One priest hung on a crucifix, nailed, for three days before he died. Monseigneur Hamer they killed by cutting his arms and legs to the bone, filling the cuts with petroleum and then setting them alight. What saved us? Oh, a series of miracles! Nothing else. Yes! I know people are talking about my looting. But my conscience is quite clear in the matter. I know what I am doing is right. Let them talk!"

Once more we stood outside the Cathedral looking back at the ruined facade. It was Easter Sunday, a beautiful bright morning, and the soldiers were streaming out from the last military mass, *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, French Line, Germans and English, and there a little group of tall, dignified blue-jackets. "Do you want anything, madame?" "Only to know of what nationality you are." "Austrians, madame." They were so undoubtedly the most dignified-looking of that very varied gathering of the nations; why is not Austria more to the front with such citizens? We looked at the shot-holes in the Cathedral, and realized that those shot had been the call which from Japan, Tonquin, India, Australia, England, Germany, Italy, France, the United States, Austria, Russia, had summoned this great gathering of the nations to the Imperial City of Peking, right into its heart, its forbidden parts, How little the Chinese thought this

would be the result when they fired those rifle-shots!

We drove to the Altar of Heaven through a mixed crowd of dusty humanity, springless carts, rickshas, donkeys, horses, beautiful tall slim Indians, German soldiers with complexions like rosebuds, red-trousered Frenchmen, Bersaglieri weighted with cocks' tails; and when after being tossed from rut to rut we arrived at last in the park-like grounds among the cedar groves leading up to the stately white marble altar, one could not but feel as if transported into a clearer, classic atmosphere, where martyrdoms seemed out of place. Even the Greeks with their worship of the body can have attained to nothing more perfect in the way of humanity than these Bengal cavalry, doubly girt round their slight but sinewy waists, the chain epaulets gleaming less brightly than their teeth and eyes. We pursued our way to the Hall of Abstinence, where they store their grain now, but where the Emperor dined alone in solemn state the night before the ceremony, and then followed the road his cortège must have taken as he went in the early dawning before the break of day to offer sacrifice in this lonely woodland place outside the city gates, for the sins of himself and of his people. For years this Altar of Heaven has been a forbidden sight for any but Chinese, and there is one very ancient temple near it where the tablets of the Emperor's ancestors are kept, and where the Emperor used to pray and meditate after the sacrifice, of which a foreigner told me no prayer nor bribe had ever been able to obtain him a sight during all his thirty years in Peking. It is ancient, and its tiles, of richest blue outside, are of the finest white porcelain within. The curve of its blue-tiled roof is also of ineffable beauty, difficult indeed to obtain in silk, impossible one would have thought in tiles, until here one sees it

all blue and shining. Within, the arrangement of richly colored beams borrowing their blue and green from the peacock's tail, recalls nothing so much as a Chinese puzzle, it is so complex. The doors have great gilded bosses, the hinges of brass are beautiful; the massive pillars, said to be each a single tree-stem, are painted a deep dull red; golden phoenix and dragons alternate in the decoration.

In the Altar of Heaven all is pure white marble, dragon carved, all in nines or multiples of nines: three flights, each of nine steps, lead upwards from nine different points to the uppermost platform. There are nine circles of marble blocks round that central one on which the Emperor kneels, the first circle consisting of nine blocks, the next of eighteen, and so on. To kneel there alone before the daydawn, surrounded by the cedar forests, offering atonement for the sins of the whole people—400 millions—must either elevate a soul or crush it. It seems as if the present Emperor Kwangshu had been purified by all the still and lonely watchings and prayers he has passed through from childhood upwards. Those who knew his father say also that his was a really fine character, which Kwangshu inherits.

The Indian sentries wave people to the left towards the Happy New Year Temple with its threefold roof, a conspicuous object from all over the city, recently restored, and therefore the more shining in its blue tiles and bricks, and gold and blue and red. Because it is all more brilliant the Indians think it the more beautiful, but it is the pure white marble altar, roofless but for the canopy of heaven, that stands upon the holy ground; where for countless centuries the same worship has been offered year after year to the Father Ruler till now the sequence has been broken, and this year on the appointed day at four o'clock in the morn-

ing no Emperor's prayers, no steam of sacrifice ascended up to heaven. White marble blocks beautifully carved, and each with a handle to lift it into position, used to indicate the fitting position for each exalted mandarin to prostrate himself and bow his forehead to the ground in the far distance of the outer courtyard, whilst the Emperor alone adored on the raised white marble circular altar with its tall dragon-carved balustrade all around. But neither the Altar of Heaven in its park-like enclosure by the railway station nor the Temple of Agriculture opposite, where General Chaffee and the United States men have established themselves, even in the sacred enclosure where once a year the Emperor used to drive a furrow with his own imperial hand, to show his respect for agriculture, fill the stranger with the thrill one feels on entering the Forbidden City.

There was a time not so very long ago when Europeans used to visit freely the Altar of Heaven; even of late years by special favor foreigners of high position have been admitted. Through the Forbidden City no man of European race believed to have freely walked until now by right of conquest. How I looked and longed at the glittering roofs of the entrance gateways when last in Peking! What wild dreams I formed of disguising myself as a Chinaman, pigtail, long blue gown, large round spectacles and all, and sauntering in! It seemed not impossible. The penalty if found out, one was told, would be death. Yet that was difficult to believe. It seemed more likely there would be recourse to ministers, and an international question, long official correspondence, and meanwhile, what palace secrets might one not learn! Then again, people who had never seen it assured me positively there would be nothing to see. They were wrong—quite wrong. The very entrance courts,

the approaches to the Forbidden City, are so vast, so imposing, so dignified in their proportions and outline, as to fill one with awe before one even hands one's pass to a cheery United States officer outside, and shivers through the great final gateway, like a tunnel through the thick wall, admitting to the Imperial Palace. Through a vast courtyard, glittering-roofed pavilions all around, we go through another oblong-shaped Ting Ehr, or entrance hall, and then find ourselves in the immense courtyard, where the great audiences used to be held. Here the places for the chief mandarins are fixed by bell-like bronzes flattened somewhat at the sides and prettily moulded. The roofs are all of yellow tiles shining golden in the sunshine, as are the roofs of the many gateways one has passed through already outside, and of the entrance gateway all shimmering like gold. The gable ends have a curious pattern of many curves and loops, that look as if it had been dashed off by a master pen writing in pure gold.

These golden flourishes even outshine the tiles. What must the scene have been when, with their long gowns of many-colored satins and brocades, the horsehoe cuffs falling well over their hands, the embroidered squares shining on their backs and breasts, and showing by bird or beast embroidered thereupon whether the wearer belonged to the civil or the inferior military caste, with their high boots, long necklaces, and plumed hats, all the dignity of China's officialdom prostrated itself upon the ground before the Emperor, seen dimly seated upon his throne in that distant, distant Audience Hall into which only a chosen few were ever allowed to penetrate! St. James's seems like a baby plaything by comparison, the Tuileries confined. I can compare the scene to nothing but that at St. Peter's in Rome when in old days the Pope would come outside, raised up on



high to lift a hand in benediction of his kneeling people. And the Emperor it must be remembered was the Chinese Pope as well as sovereign.

All the middle avenue of the Forbidden City consists of gateways and audience halls with very lofty glittering roofs outside, carpeted within by silken Kansuh carpets of imperial yellow with dragons intertwined upon them. The beams are dragon adorned, the blue and the green of the peacock's tail again. In each long-shaped audience hall, which you enter and leave always by a door in the middle of the wide side, the view is blocked by a throne upon a dais, with two flights of steps leading up to it and with a beautifully carved screen behind. Generally there are cloisonné or jade columns bearing incense burners before the throne, often beautifully lifelike cloisonné birds on either side, and fans of peacock's feather nine feet high, or wood, or embroidery, to simulate peacock's feathers, standing against the screen behind. Outside in the courtyard are white marble lanterns of great beauty six feet high, bronze cranes and stags for incense burners, huge gilded basins in which golden fish used to swim. But there is absolutely no frittering away on decoration as in so many European buildings. The great designers of the Chinese palace relied upon size and proportion to abase man's soul into his boots before he drew near his ruler, and even now it is difficult to traverse these great distances on foot without realizing how small one is. To a Chinese drawing near to his Emperor the feeling of smallness must have been overpowering.

To the east of the Forbidden City lies the women's quarter, which we were not allowed to enter—some of the ladies of the Court are said to be there still; to the west are a variety of apartments. The last audience hall was the

Emperor's private library, still with a throne in the centre of the long side that faces those who enter; to the right his little bedroom, with blue curtains; to the left the far more imposing bedroom of his aunt, with double set of imperial yellow gauze. Some people say neither Emperor nor Empress has inhabited this palace for the last twelve years; some that the Emperor lived in it till the *coup d'état* in 1898, when the aunt, who summarily stole him crying from his mother's cradle to set him upon the Dragon throne, equally summarily deposed him. Anyway this palace has not lately been done up; the winds and dusts of Peking sweep through it, and whatever valuable curios were movable have been—*removed*. There are, however, still the two great Sang de bœuf Dresden vases presented by the German Emperor, a multitude of clocks, a large French picture, and curiously enough a bronze gift from the Russian Czar, a group of a man on horseback conferring liberty and saving humanity, originally destined for him of Bulgaria, they say. Even the packing papers of directions have never been taken off from this. It is standing now stuck away in a dark corner on the floor not far from the private study, into which the Emperor is supposed to have retired when he wished to be absolutely alone. A large mirror occupies one side of this little chamber, a Kang the whole of another, the wider side; a low cloisonné table is on the Kang, on either side of which he and a friend could recline after the Chinese pleasant confidential fashion. It was here a lady said to me with indignation: "Isn't it horrid the way these eunuchs keep so close to us?" "Well, you see, they don't know what kind of people we are, and it is their duty to see that we don't spoil or take anything." "That's just it. How can I?" she said with exceeding irritation, flouncing out of the little



study into a larger one with a long table, on the other side of which I pictured his teacher kneeling, as the latter told me in England he had done, while giving Kwangshu his daily hour's instruction in English. The teacher said the Emperor could speak English well except for shyness. Shyness seems a special hindrance of eldest sons and emperors. If only the young Czar had been able to meet Kwangshu when on his tour round the world! Would a great sympathy from the similarity of their positions have impelled the two young men to speak with frankness to each other, and have established a friendship that not even the attractions of Manchuria could avail against?

The most beautiful spot in Peking, if among so many picturesque retreats there be one more enticing than the others, is the island on the lake where the Emperor for the last two years before his flight was confined as in a gilded prison. It is covered with yellow tiled pavilions, each more picturesque than the other, with summer-houses, boat-house, rockery, petrified trees, fantastic little Chinese gardens, and is connected with the mainland by a wooden drawbridge, which was withdrawn when Kwangshu lived there in a tiny world of beauty, that must have made his heart ache with longing as he gazed across the lake at the lofty roofs of the Forbidden City or towards the Chinese city of the outside world. The island itself is situated in the outer precinct of the Imperial City close to the Winter Palace of the Dowager Empress, where Field-Marshal von Waldersee now lives.<sup>1</sup> Peking is the city of beautiful wood carving. In the house where I was staying—it belonged to an imperial Duke, a nephew of the Empress—there was a round doorway

cut in a screen of carved sandal wood, that still seems to me about as beautiful as anything could look with the additional charm of the warm perfume. In the Imperial Palace the frames of the openings between the rooms are carved *à jour* into the likeness of vines and grapes, or bamboos, quite lifelike yet also thoroughly artistic. Yet in the Winter Palace the screens between the rooms are more than five inches thick, yet carved *à jour* like a lacework of Cantonese black wood. And facing you as you enter, in a light brown wood, I think of camphor, is another kind of carving such as I have seen nowhere else. It is as if a curtain of wood had hung over the partitions and been looped back. And in this curtain are irregular bands representing mountains, the wood gnarled and fretted as if to depict the ravines and out-jutting spurs, from the mountains rises a row of orchids, life-size and just like nature, then mountains again and another band of flowers, and so on and so on. This struck me as not only original but as also the most interesting kind of wood carving I have ever seen, a kind of wood carving over which one might lose oneself in pleasurable meditation for a whole afternoon, discovering always something new and more.

In this room, which is supposed still to be much as it was, there is a magnificent imperial yellow carpet on the floor, with, as usual, great dragons, and yellow brocade cushions, dragon decorated, on the deep Kangs, that being placed on either side in the windows seem like very deep window seats. Magnificent cloissonné and porcelain vases decorate the reception rooms opening into one another. On a dais at the back are two throne-like armchairs, one of imperial yellow, one very capacious and somewhat lower of red lac-

<sup>1</sup> Alas! all burnt since I saw it, the gallant Field-Marshal escaping with difficulty with his life, and the chief of his staff falling a

victim to the flames. If European stoves be rashly introduced into Chinese buildings, such calamities are the inevitable result.

quer, worked so as to look like coral carved. Before the door stand two tall cranes, masterpieces of bronze casting, and behind them two deer, which must be of a different epoch, quite inferior to the cranes, and bearing no comparison whatever with the great living, breathing bronze ox resting by the lake side at the Summer Palace, the finest representation of an animal that I have seen in China. One almost seems to feel the sweet breath of the cow, looking on this bronze masterpiece, with which must be ranked the exceptionally beautiful bronze incense-burner in the entrancing garden of the Palace in the Forbidden City.

Visitors now pass out through that garden with its long shady walk that invites to meditation and through temples, of which one, the smaller, contains pictures of the good old school of Chinese art, of which so few specimens are to be seen in China to-day, and whose meaning I would fain have explained to me. This garden also contains prototypes of all the far-famed trained trees of Japan, aged trees with trunks gnarled and knotted by Chinese skill, their branches all gone, only a spreading curtain of twig-like branches cunningly trained over a corridor. The trees were still, as they should be, additional proofs of the Chinese love for altering and, as they think, improving upon nature, but it was evident the Court gardeners had fled, or were no longer supervised, for the jasmines and other yellow flowers were hanging in prodigal luxuriance from the corridors, over which they must evidently have been meant to twine, whilst no pale pink peonies or other beautiful potted flowers decked the rockwork.

Climbing to the top, however, we got a roof view well worth the seeing, and in especial of the two solitary blue pavilions in the Forbidden City. They are not yellow tiled but of the same

exquisite azure, as of an English summer sky, that forms the groundwork of the wonderful porcelain dragon screen at the far north end of the Lotus lake. This screen is close to the glittering Pailow of yellow and green, through whose delicately carved marble arches one can look out on to the lake and the far-famed marble bridge, and beyond that again over the bridge which no man but the Emperor of China might use. Now we all can drive over it. It is true, however, that of its former magnificence only the marble supports remain. Rough poles and boards replace its balustrade and flooring. I do not know what museum in Europe they are designed to decorate.

A little way behind the beautiful Pailow or arch stands the porcelain dragon screen. Very few people even in Peking seem to have heard of it. For, of course, till lately none were allowed to drive along the excellent carriage road by the lake, through the park-like grounds interspersed with rockeries. The screen is perhaps twenty feet high, and of porcelain throughout, and on it in high relief a row of dragons standing on their tails, and possibly five feet high, old gold, dull red, cream, dark blue, then over again, the two dark blue confronting each other in the centre. What was that screen meant to shelter from the world? Now behind it there is only a scene of frantic desolation of the most complete vandalism—trees hacked and broken, marble columns razed to the ground, images torn from their lotus seats, and cloven in two. Here a broken head lying in the grass, there a gilded hand, and behind a little to the right on an eminence a temple like that which crowns the hill at the Summer Palace. Covered with a thousand images of Buddha outside, all of imperial yellow brilliantly shining, it caused the spectator to sigh and think how exquisite must have been the

other destroyed building since this required no protecting screen. "I do not deplore its destruction at all," says a German Sinologue; "the Chinese must be humbled somehow. Best humble them through their palaces and temples."

He said this as we stood within another imperial enclosure, all carefully walled round with a red wall surmounted by the usual imperial yellow tiling. A shining yellow roof among the dark tree foliage had attracted our party to enter. We anticipated wandering through an old-world garden, suggestive of repose and the Chinese ideal elegant leisure. We found a desolation, rack and ruin all around, only the roof intact because out of reach, every image torn away from its shrine, even in the representation of the Buddhist Hell, reaching halfway down the garden enclosure, only the snakes left at the top, thus indicating what had been underneath. It is impossible not to think the foreign soldiers took special delight in smashing and desecrating the Buddhist images, but too often one can see by the holes forced into them that it has been rather with the idea of getting hidden jewels from the gilded images than from any religious zeal. Yet so great has been the destruction of temples it is hard not to think there was something of the crusader's spirit too, although some people still maintain that the greatest vandalism, the most wholesale destruction has been by the Chinese people themselves.

What can have become of the priests who used to live by all these temples? Not a priest did I see in all Peking excepting at the great Mongol Lamaserel. There they were all Mongols, but they said "Om mani padme hum." Like Tibetans, as they twirled their rosaries round and round, having, it seemed, no praying wheels to turn. There was a most beautiful tapestry—surely Eu-

ropean—in one temple there, also several other beautiful and curious things, and a huge Buddha that, in a small confined temple, towered up through three stories. His dark red countenance at the top looked terribly cruel and vindictive, as one bent one's head backward to look up at it, and gave me at once a sensation I have been conscious of in some temples before, as if the place were full of evil spirits. One temple behind was full of impure images—a thing I never saw in China proper. Looking up here suddenly, too, I saw one of the Mongol priests regarding me with an expression of rage and hatred that was hardly so terrible as the smile of almost infantine sweetness into which it at once changed on meeting my glance. For these priests know they must dissimulate just now, whatever they feel within. When we were last in Peking it was not considered safe for a lady to enter this Lamaserel. Hardly did men dare to do so.

Tourists generally are all raving about the Summer Palace, and it is quite a place to spend a happy day in, if it were but for the pure air by the lake side among the hills. For Peking dust grows bitterer and bitterer as one swallows more of it, till throat and eyes alike feel as if they could not hold out much longer. But the Summer Palace is not ancient, and I saw no masterpieces there, except the bronze ox, a bronze pavilion and the marble bridges. There is no austere grandeur of approach. It is a sort of glorified Rosherville. In the English officers' quarters—till the other day the Empress's reception room—there is a cloisonné screen probably the grandest and tallest in the world, and some specimens of Tse Hai's very masterly and artistic handwriting, as also one writing of the Emperor's—in very school-boy hand this, but it may have been written in his early days.

The destroyer has revelled through the pleasant places which the Dowager Empress had lately somewhat poorly restored, the contractor having probably cheated her. Plate-glass windows have been smashed, bits nipped off wood carvings, tiles pushed out and curios taken. On the top of the hill is a Thousand-Buddha Temple, that must have been lovely. Inside are flower arabesques, that evidently Italian priests must have taught Chinese to design and color. But the marble has been tested by fire, the Buddha's heads knocked off, the arabesques discolored. The amount of labor that has been expended in destruction in Peking is really infinite. And over the other side of the hill nothing has been restored since the English and French sacked the Summer Palace together in 1859, and thought they were teaching the Chinese a lesson as to their superior strength. But the Chinese did not learn it; they only were additionally convinced, if that were possible, that all other nations outside their own were rough savages. They will think so more than ever now, if half the tales one hears are true. It does not do to think of many of them.

Despite these the Pehtang, however, seems only like holy ground. The band of defenders was so small, thirty French, ten Italian officers and marines, beside the Bishop, ten Lazarist Fathers and twenty Sisters of St. Vincent, with their hundreds of children and thousands of converts, who, as far as they could, gathered there from all parts of the city, and from outside the city as well. Their privations, too, were far the greatest.

But in the British Legation the air is consecrated with memories, too. And to be shelled from your own garden wall! To live through eight weeks of a Chinese summer, bathless, with barely a change of clothing, on food that disagreed with nearly every one, some

less, certainly, but most more! Then can one realize it! All on a sudden the thought that you are *saved*, and that you must now shift for yourself, provide for your wife and family and children, and that without a pan, a plate, a chair, a bed, a towel, without money to buy any of these things—without any one to sell to you if you had money. And first of all, to be without a roof under the August sun of China, virtually a houseless beggar, with some hundreds of Chinese, too, depending upon you! What would *you* have done? People in Peking adopted many expedients according to the advice of their respective ministers. Some people helped themselves to rice, calling aloud, solemnly offering payment if any owner would come forward to accept it. Echo only answered. And the various ruined, outraged foreigners, all with shattered nerves, some ill, some mourning those they loved best, none knowing what would happen next, settled down for the nonce as best they could in the different empty houses assigned to them, houses, as far as could be arranged, belonging to relations of the usurping Empress, who had fled and abandoned the capital she had brought to such dire disaster.

Thus homely English people and Americans from the Far West camped in palace pavilions, eating off Kang-hi plates, yet missing their spoons and bedsteads and baths and tables, those many comforts that we Philistines have learnt to think more necessary than any æsthetic beauty. And the world set to work to criticize and scoff. "See how these Christians loot!" whilst they, poor people, were counting up the empty places in their band, mourning their martyrs and their ruined churches. "It took me years to get the money to build it, and so many years to plan it all and get it built. I watched over every stone myself," said one good man, then paused and pointed to his

well. "Yes! It is choked. I had to have it sanded up first thing. There were eight of our people thrown down it, and the smell was too dreadful when I first came here. When we dare, I hope to uncover it, and get the bones out and give them Christian burial. There are four more dead about the premises. They were sliced to death, some of them, by those big fixed shears the Chinese use. They just put the bodies between and —. It is a little hard to meet with no sympathy now. People seem only to fear for the Boxers, lest they may perhaps be too cruelly used. I am taking care of the beautiful furniture in my house—it none of it belongs to me—to hand it over in good condition, I suppose, to the Boxer chief to whom it belonged, whenever he dares to reappear. So far he is in hiding."

When I think of Peking now, I still think first of the awful ruts in the roads and the blinding, choking dust in those parts of the city where ordinary people live; but each day that impression is weakening and my mind is beginning to rest more and more on the fairy-tale-like kaleidoscope of color—yellow, green, dark blue and yet more beautiful azure tiles and bricks in the enchanting regions reserved by the imperial family for themselves. But then I see the ramps up to the great walls, one held by Chinese, one by Americans, and the barricades upon the walls, and the tower the Chinese built from which to fire down upon the Americans. I see the whole mixed crowd of legations and missionaries, bankers and foreign Chinese Customs, all driven to take refuge within the beautiful British Legation and the Hanlin College behind, burnt by the Chinese themselves, so that there is not one brick left standing upon another in that proud centre of China's aristocracy of learning. I see the ruined façade of the Pehtang and the soldiers of many

nations looking up at it, and the brimming eyes of the sisters. I see the names of the martyrs of their band stuck up in each missionary chapel in gold characters upon a purple ground, and the band of school-girls day by day lingering to stand before it dry-eyed and silent, yet staring with a strange intentness, each girl reading the name of father or mother, or perhaps of both. I see the well choked with horribly murdered Christian Chinese. I see the ruins, the gaunt, miserable street after street of ruins, ruined churches, ruined legations, ruined houses, schools, hospitals, banks, customs buildings. I recollect the glances of hatred—deep, dark, unmitigated hatred—I have intercepted. And then there is one more memory.

The Peking station, all dust and rickshas, standing as it does in the wide sandy roadway between the Temple of Heaven and the Hall of Agriculture—every one looking for seats in the train, and watching over luggage, for stealing is contagious and people, having once begun, do not know how to stop. And then a little tramp, tramp, and the soft sweet strains of a military band, "Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!" and there under the Stars and Stripes something heavy six soldiers are laying on a luggage van. Yesterday evening my friends heard the outcry for a doctor at the camp. A man had fallen from his horse, they were told, but attached no importance to it at the time. Perhaps he had longed to go home to the States. This morning early his body is going home. There are Japs, and cock-tailed Bersaglieri and the other soldiers of many nations all pressing forward to watch the one who is going home. That is the way he is going home after all. Poor soldiers! They suffer and they toll, many of them more heroes at heart than we can quite realize, and that is the end of it all in this world! And now again

what is this at the Tientsin station? A clanking of chains! Men shackled together, and shouting shamelessly to cover their shame: "Look at the pride of the American army!" They have been caught red-handed plundering, and are being sent home, too, after another fashion. Ah me! Better dead! Better dead!

But the Americans are determined to repress looting. They alone policed their quarter in Peking. Yet each nation, after its fashion, is trying to keep its men in order. And is it nothing that during nine days in Peking and two in Tientsin, and out of doors from morning to night, I never saw a man the worse for drink, never met anything but the most respectful and kind courtesy from the soldiery of eight nations, nor even saw one man ill-treating the vanquished Chinese!

Now we are passing into the hands of the English army, where officers of the Royal Engineers are station masters, while Australian blue-jackets collect the tickets; and the visit to Peking has come to an end, adding so much to the mind's store of thought, leaving, alas! so many matters still open questions. But whatever may have been the horrors of the past, I cannot refrain from marvelling how it has been accomplished that so much order and decency has been established as already has been; cannot help feeling a higher respect for them, that it should be possible for the men of so many nations in such close juxtaposition, harassed by such a worrying dust, to ob-

serve such mutual forbearance as seems at all events now to animate them. Nor must it be forgotten that the Chinese themselves say that the ravages of the Examination Halls, as also of the Tribunal of Punishments, were perpetrated by poor Chinese of the neighborhood, not by foreign soldiery, and that the worse vandalism and bloodshed was undoubtedly committed by the Boxers, not by the foreign troops.

Thus with mingled shame at deeds ill done, pride in acts of heroism, and thankfulness for the holy devotion of the martyrs, yet with an agonizing pity for those massacred, especially the little children, the many innocent, trustful, unconscious little children—"My papa will not let you hurt me," said one little boy, as the Boxers advanced against him with their big knives—we come away, with a medley mass of bits of broken tile from the Summer Palace, bows and poisoned arrows from the Forbidden City, dried violets from the Temple of Heaven and all the many memories these various trifles serve to recall.

"And if the Emperor does not come back, what use Peking then to the foreign man?" asks my Chinese servant. "That's what my wantchee savee, what use Peking if the Emperor no come back? No use at all!" he adds in exultant derision. O wise Chinese people! Through the centuries you have never loved to fight, have been conquered again and again, but always risen irrepressible!



## AN ENGLISH VIEW OF FRANCE.\*

One evening some ten years ago, in that old house in the Rue Casette, where one used to go for ideas as one takes his pith to a well, M. Taine made his friends acquainted with an English traveller. The historian of the Origins gloated over the stranger as an entomologist does over the collector who has promised him a box of Coleoptera and after the visitor had left, M. Taine remarked, "That man is Arthur Young come to life. He proposes to go the round of our provinces, carefully observing the mechanism of life in France, and then to remake, after the lapse of a hundred years, the book of his famous predecessor. He will collect his facts first, and it will be very interesting. Perhaps even M. Renan may approve. We shall see!"

Neither of those two philosophers lived to see the promised work. Mr. Bodley was eight years writing it; after which, encouraged by the reception of the first edition in England, he undertook to re-write the whole thing in the French language. Lightened of sundry explanations which would be quite superfluous to a French reader, and enriched by fresh observation and experience, the book which has recently been published here<sup>1</sup> is addressed especially to ourselves.

For eight years Mr. Bodley lived all about France, coming back at intervals to Paris. His preface contains a chart of his wanderings, together with the names of the places where he made his principal discoveries, whether in castle, farm-house, presbytery, prefecture, factory or mine. His chief guides were, as he tells us, M. Taine, M. Renan, M. de Mun, Mgr. Freppel and M. Clemen-

ceau. The large variety of his patrons affords good proof of his eclecticism. The explorer observed no end of things which we ourselves never notice, and went through with a deal of repulsive labor. He paid frequent visits to the Chamber of Deputies. In large towns, and in little villages alike, members of the Municipal and General Councils were surprised to find their sittings attended by a single auditor—which auditor was Mr. Bodley.

Whether his first intention was merely to prepare a pendant to the "Voyage" to Arthur Young, an agriculturist, whose incidental observations upon our customs were highly significant at the time, I cannot say. If so, his ambition as an author must have increased as he went on. He distinctly disclaims all intention to imitate the method or repeat the generalizations of De Tocqueville; nevertheless, "Democracy in America" is plainly the model which he tends more or less to approach. And the mark of M. Taine is on many of the thoughts which are forcibly wrested from his influence only when the Englishman remembers his own inviolable originality.

The subject of his study is the Frenchman considered as a political animal. For that animal he feels a cordial sympathy:—at least he thinks and says that he does so, and he tries his best to make us believe it. It would undoubtedly surprise him, if he were to be told that he unconsciously betrays, at times, very much the same sort of condescension as the visitor to a zoological garden, who exclaims before an interesting family of apes, "How fascinating they are, after all!"

\* Translated for The Living Age.

<sup>1</sup> "La France: Essai sur l'histoire et le

fonctionnement des Institutions politiques françaises: par J. E. C. Bodley." Paris, 1901.

Our friendly neighbor could do no otherwise, and not sacrifice the soul of an Englishman. I am not criticizing him. I am merely taking note of a national characteristic which was once our own and which I envy still. Until very lately, the most discerning and fair-minded of French travellers always looked down, slightly, upon other nations; judging and commending them with the affectionate indulgence of a kind-hearted superior for the man beneath him. Happy are the people whose perception of relative truth is ever modified by the deep satisfaction they feel in being themselves!

It is not that Mr. Bodley abuses the comparison which he draws between the two countries, or turns it to the detriment of ours. Over and over again he insists upon the superiority of this or that quality—on the more exact working of such or such a "movement" in the French machine. But even through the partial preferences which he is so careful to express, it is easy to divine, in the depths of his all-needful pride, all that invincible faith in one's own greatness, which another people once expressed by the phrase *civis Romanus sum*.

As a matter of fact he knows all about France that can be learned by study. But there is a remainder which cannot be so learned, which a native knows by instinct and imbibes in the very air he breathes. There are shades all but imperceptible by a foreigner. He is ruled sometimes by the simplest of superstitions. He is respectful of small dignities at which we only smile. The gaps in his information become apparent the moment he touches upon those times anterior to his visit which he knows only by hear-say. On the other hand, he judges like one of ourselves, and often much better, the men and things he has personally known. Anomalies and contradictions to which habit has rendered us insensi-

ble, stare him in the face. His book will awaken the slumbering reflections of some of us, and it will divert the hypochondriac everywhere. For Mr. Bodley has the *humor* of his race and when he underlines the peculiarities of our social organism, or the quaint buffooneries of our politicians, he does it with a cool and courteous phlegm which I myself relish exceedingly. His manner of thinking and speaking perpetually reminds me—if he will excuse my saying so—of the title of a vaudeville which was once very popular, "The Englishman: or the rational Madman."

Let us look for a moment at our own image in the mirror held up to us by this foreigner.

He was quite captivated at first—so he tells us—by the charm of the French landscape, and the pleasant social qualities of a sober and industrious population. But a problem soon presents itself to his mind and clamors for solution. How comes it that this happy land, these people with their naturally cheerful temperament, appear to be overcome by a cloud of pessimism? Philosophic summings up by the great writers, grave confidences of plain provincial folk and the light catch-words of Parisian conversation—all repeat the same litany of doubt, discouragement and mistrust of the morrow. Can this be the lasting effect of an unfortunate war, and the mutilation of a beloved territory? This is the explanation which is given to Mr. Bodley, and the majority seem satisfied therewith. Our observer examines and rejects it. He believes, and he may be right, that the general depression of our people is due to deeper causes. Felled to earth by the disastrous blow of 1870, the nation sprang to its feet immediately, fired by a fever of hope. A new generation has arisen, which suffers hardly at all from that remote malady. A healthy frame would not have been debilitated,

for thirty years, by the results of a reparable accident.

The real sources of French pessimism must be sought elsewhere. Are they to be found in any definite political discontent, or consciousness of unfulfilled aspirations? Hardly. We have been hearing, for a hundred years, under all sorts of régimes, the remonstrances of numerous malcontents. When asked what they wanted they were ready with their answer. After the great Revolutionary convulsion the mass of our citizens desired above all things the restoration of order and security. Under the First Empire and under the Restoration, the Liberals wanted more liberty and the bourgeoisie a preponderant place in the government. Under the Monarchy of July the democrats fixed their hopes on and did their best to hasten the advent of democracy and the era of social reform. Under the Second Empire democracy having attained its full growth, looked forward with Messianic faith to the ultimate establishment of the Republic of which they caught prophetic glimpses, amid the throes that attended its birth; while those who had remained faithful to the old dynasties relied upon the return of their kings.

At present there is nothing of the sort. To the two questions which he proposed to people of all conditions, "What do you want?" "What do you hope for?" the inquirer got no response; only vague complaints, and accusations against such and such a man, such and such an ephemeral group of office-holders, accompanied by the heavy sigh of the sick man who does not know where he ails. Some few advocated some sort of traditional or imaginary solution, but in their tones there was neither faith nor hope. They expressed regret rather than anticipation. A society which has tried all physicians, and all remedies and sadly resigns itself—barring a miracle—to the incurability

of its disease, this is what Mr. Bodley professes to have found. Is he so very far wrong?

He pursues his researches notwithstanding, and flatters himself that he has discovered, at last, the efficient cause of our pessimism. His idea is that modern France is suffering under a fatal antagonism between the two principles which govern its public life; on the one hand from a centralization of authority, which Napoleon inherited from the old régime and codified into those intangible institutions which have formed for the last hundred years the bony frame-work of the country; and, on the other, from what he calls parliamentarism—that is to say an attempted imitation of English methods of government introduced into an organism which can neither assimilate, nor eliminate that foreign mixture. It is the antinomy between these two principles which makes our successive governments so unstable, and, as a consequence, our once powerful country so lamentably weak. We cannot endure the humiliation of decline; wherefore we accuse our leaders, and grasp at any sort of an accidental cause, external or internal. Just now this evil is aggravated to the last degree, by an exaggerated parliamentarism. The Napoleonic machine is intact; it encloses the entire life of the citizen; but it was constructed to obey the individual will of a single mechanician, who set it going by a single act of pressure upon the motive lever; while at present hundreds, nay millions, of hands are applied to its movements, and set them going in different ways. Thus far the machine has resisted, but its gear has been thrown into the wildest—the most anarchic confusion.

I am simply giving an abstract of Mr. Bodley's argument. It do not say that it is unanswerable, or even very new. Happily for those who write books in this world where everything

has been said already, a single remark vigorously put, is enough to give an entire system an air of novelty; and our author bases upon the main idea which I have noted, all the developments and conclusions of his works.

It is necessary to choose between two absolutely incompatible principles, and let us say, at once, that the English physician has chosen for us, and that he has chosen the French principle. His idea is—and here the disciple parts company with his master M. Taine—that the consular architect raised an admirable structure for a people whose instincts he divined with marvellous accuracy.

Unlike the Anglo-Saxons of Birmingham and Manchester, who would fly to arms, if one of our prefects were set over them, the Gaul, ever since the days of Julius Caesar has been accustomed to be administered, managed and strongly handled, for the accomplishment of the great works in which he excels—and he likes it. The architect who had to utilize a pile of ruins, understood this national characteristic perfectly. He imbedded in his Roman cement, all the old materials which could possibly be made to serve; and the best proof, according to Mr. Bodley, of the excellence of his work, is that it remains earthquake-proof; that after ten political revolutions, this necessary frame-work of Gallic activity is still adequate to all the functions and requirements of a social existence—worship, administration, finance, justice and public instruction.

A forcible introduction of the English principle might break up this machine altogether but could not replace it. We have an Englishman's word for it that the English principle is not suited to people of our kidney, and after quoting Disraeli, who makes Tancred say—in substance—when embarking for the Holy Land, that he is going to a country upon which Providence has never

put the fatal jest of representative government, though it did once deign to supervise the political arrangements of the people, our commentator adds that France, after a long and patient trial of the representative system, has virtually come round to Tancred's view of the same.

Doubtless our fathers were enamored of the representative theory; and this, says Mr. Bodley, is all the fault of M. de Montesquieu. He regards that able man as an arrant scoundrel. "If the great philosopher of Bordeaux had not met Lord Chesterfield in Venice in 1729, that polished diplomat would not have taken him, the next year, on his own yacht to England, where he stayed two years. And that long residence of M. de Montesquieu in London, had, in all probability, a more important influence on the history of modern France than any other event of the eighteenth century." Here's a terrible result of a pleasure trip! If indeed, (which is not quite proven), the incident had all the consequences here alleged, and if *L'Esprit des Lois* was really the Pandora's box, out of which issued, for us, an English constitution! Mr. Bodley, at all events, believes it, and that we are committing slow suicide merely to gratify Montesquieu, Voltaire, Mme. de Staël, Benjamin Constant and other distinguished persons.

With regard to such a judgment, large allowance must, of course, be made for the natural irritation of a nurseryman, who sees his favorite tree, the product of which he is proudest, transplanted into his neighbor's ground, and spoiled by unskilful gardeners. He is constantly tempted to cry out. "Let that tree alone! you know nothing about it, and it will never grow for you!" We admit moreover that the Englishman is altogether excusable for not recognizing his own "commons"—the men who control the budget and the general political assembly at West-

minster—in the little provincial Napoleons, who govern their electorates by means of the men and the measures appertaining to imperial constitutions.

The object of Mr. Bodley's book being to show up the contradiction which exists between our customs and our political system, he divides it, of necessity, into two parts. In the first he studies modern France, as the Revolution has made her; in the second he analyzes the mechanism of our politics. The first is by far the more interesting.

We are grateful to him, in the first place, for having firmly grasped the fact, that the Revolutionary "block" constitutes an indivisible whole, occupying all the space between 1789 and 1815. He is not the man to mistake the inner logic and mutilate the essential unity of that mighty drama. He makes no account of the artificial partitions which our fathers erected between the liberal prologue, the period of destructive fury, and the military dénouement. There is something delightful in the compact formula in which our author sums up the epoch as "that epic interval between the first burst of the Marseillaise and the desperate interjection of Gen. Cambronne." He notes "the change which French opinion underwent with regard to the Revolution, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century," and he speaks as a disciple of Taine and Rénan. His conclusions will be more pleasing to moderate rationalists than to revolutionary mystics. "The Revolution," he says, "is not responsible for one half, either of the good or the evil which is usually attributed to it. It did not hasten by one moment the great discoveries of science, such as steam-locomotion and the various applications of electricity. It is these last, which by transforming the habits of the people have proved themselves the real revolutionary forces of the nineteenth century—forces which the ancient

régime would have been powerless to resist. The French Revolution has, at all events, done nothing toward the solution of the problems which now, a century after its consummation, weigh so heavily upon humanity; and had it never taken place, we should still have had to deal with the relations of labor and capital, the progress of socialism and the power of the plutocracy."

There are a good many Englishmen who think, with Macaulay, that it was not so bad a thing to have cut off the head of Louis XVI. They never can understand the gulf that lies between the tragedy of Whitehall where a realistic people executed a man, and that of the Place Louis XV, where an idealistic people executed Royalty itself—a nation's past, and all the traditions of a race. With them, the stream of history was not diverted from its bed, the ruling spirit did not change. After a brief suspension of her ordinary habits, a few trifling substitutions in office, England went on living her traditional life. With us, the royal spectre might arise for a few moments, accompanied by its old cortège; but they could come but as ghostly reminders of that wholesale sacrifice which destroyed ten centuries in a moment of time. Mr. Bodley has lived in France too long to share the mistake of his compatriots. He knows that the blood of Louis XVI is flowing still, filling and at the same time deepening the ditch between the present and the past; between the two nations who have been rending one another for the possession of their native soil, ever since the hour of his death.

Of this torrent of hatred he affords us a clear view in his chapter on Fraternity. From the moment when it was raised to the rank of a dogma, dates the inextinguishable civil war that rages among Frenchmen; sometimes latent and sullen, sometimes finding vent in atrocious explosions.



He repeats the sneer of Prince Metternich, "What I have seen of Fraternity in France has led me to the conclusion that if I had a brother I would call him cousin." One must indeed be destitute of all historic sense, not to tremble at hearing bruited upon every lip the fashionable word "Solidarity," which is but a philosophic substitute for the more sentimental "Fraternity." Beware of these terms of endearment! It seems as if the demon of Civil War scattered them abroad for the express purpose of lulling us to sleep, every time that he makes definite preparations to break out.

"*Homo homini lupus*" is as true to-day as it was when the nations of Europe were laid under contribution by semi-barbarians. Most modern peoples, however, reserve their latent savagery for their foreign foes. Frenchmen, on the contrary display their utmost ferocity in their intestine quarrels as though to give a new force to the old proverb "*Gallus Gallo lupus*." In foreign war, the Frenchman is often generous to his adversary; but a Frenchman confronted by a Frenchman gives no quarter. Mr. Bodley summons history to witness the truth of this statement and gives us a splendid collection of proofs, from the taking of the Bastille to the days of the Parisian Commune. For later testimony, in default of sanguinary episodes, he relies upon the habitual exasperation of the press; observing that the rage of certain controversialists goes the length of insulting even a dead opponent; and that in a country where a certain reverence for death is one of the most marked of popular sentiments. Experience has taught him, to be sure, that our people must not be judged by its newspapers alone. One drops, in his railway-carriage, an armful of burning brands, and gets out of the train in a pleasant neighborhood inhabited by peaceful citizens. Yet even in this visi-

ble Eden, a closer look reveals the fact, that the reading of the ferocious paper serves many an honest man as an outlet for smothered passion.

The stranger among us also takes note of another peculiar sign. When the French wish to institute a great national festival, they select the anniversary of a massacre! The statue of Danton is set opposite the School of Medicine. The English observe the day when the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, *in time*. "But," adds our dry humorist, "it may be permitted to inquire whether, in any modern state it would be thought worth while to celebrate by a day of rejoicing the fact that its Parliament had escaped destruction."

The portrait of the *Gallus Gallo lupus* is—alas!—far too good a likeness. And yet it may be that the artist has not laid sufficient stress upon the quality which explains the fierceness of our conflicts, the quality which at once dignifies and renders them dangerous. All war among Frenchmen is, in the broadest sense of the term, religious war. Even when the confessional is not involved—and that complication is rarely absent—domestic strife with us has all the venom which belongs to theological quarrels. We fight for ideas; and a Frenchman erects every idea into a dogma, a category of the absolute. No torture is too severe for the miscreant who upholds the opposite dogma. The strife of interests may be very keen, but interests can be reconciled, and mutually forgiven. Not so, dogmas. This deep and perhaps irreparable rent in the brotherhood which it proclaimed is the fatal legacy of the Revolution. Two absolutely incompatible conceptions of our history and destiny, of the true greatness and happiness of our country, have parted our souls into hostile camps. There have been deceitful truces; it has seemed reasonable to hope that after a hundred years, a fusion of some sort



might be effected by mutual concession; but the moment there falls upon our hearts one drop of a well-chosen re-agent, we instinctively erect and man the old impregnable positions. A painful instance of what I say has occurred quite recently.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century produced exactly the same effect. I have just been reading a "Life of Samuel Champlain." The ship in which he went to Canada in 1604 had also on board a Catholic priest and a Huguenot minister. "I have seen," says Champlain, "the minister and our curé, at fisticuffs over their religious differences. I cannot say which was the more vallant, or dealt the lustier blows, but I have more than once heard the minister bewailing the chastisement he had received; and this, at all events, was their way of settling controverted points. I leave you to judge whether it was a pleasant sight. Sometimes the savages took one side and sometimes the other, while they ranged themselves according to their several creeds, and sent both religions freely to the devil."

These pugnacious theologians kept up their quarrel in the virgin forests of the new world, and finally died upon the same day; and the sailors buried them in one grave "just to see whether they would keep the peace, even in death." The Revolution and the Counter-Revolution have also their priests and their believers, many of whom will certainly agree nowhere else but in the grave.

Mr. Bodley shows his keen discernment when he seeks in these mutual animosities the origin of revolutionary patriotism. Why did the volunteers call themselves "patriots?" Was it because they went forth to fight Austrians and Prussians? Eventually, of course, they did so; but the name of "patriot" was applied in the first instance to those who fell furiously upon

Vendéens and *émigrés*. If the first onset of the revolutionary force was irresistible, it was because they thirsted to smite their own abhorred fellow-citizens in the ranks of the foe. The complets of the Marseillaise bear burning witness to the predominance of this feeling. Even now, despite the fine phrases which we habitually employ, our hearts are more inclined to civil feud than to hatred of the foreigner. When the invader sets foot on our soil, danger unites us quarrelsome kinsfolk under a common flag. A reluctant reconciliation is patched up at the last moment. But it was not the Prussian army that moved the French to unappeasable wrath, in the ominous years before 1870; and few of us have forgotten the historic shouts of exultation, which bore witness, on the morrow of the Fourth of September to the fact that the foe within was worse hated than the foe without. These open wounds of humanity are of all ages and all countries. They are unusually conspicuous with us, because they have been deepened and envenomed by our critical spirit and obstinate dogmatism, and by that same Revolution, which devastated our very souls; tearing up as it were by the roots our faiths, our hopes and our fondest affections. We need no stranger to point out these injuries. What we have to do is to face them squarely, and resolve that they shall be healed.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The traveller who observes these fateful words inscribed on all our walls, very naturally looks to see how we translate them into practice. He likens them to the heraldic device of a famous family, having reference to some ancient, and more or less authentic adventure, but with no bearing whatever on the character of its living members. In the matter of liberty, it is easy to guess what an Englishman will think.

It is a source of perpetual wonder to him that people can have ever upon their lips the name of an idol, for whom they are ready to die, but whom they neither understand nor truly love. "Liberty, for a Frenchman, is rather a dogma to be defined, or an article of faith to be professed, than a regular factor in his daily life." This explains the fiction whereby the Revolution is regarded as an era of freedom; whereas the very reverse is the case. "A Frenchman, his religious or political opinions apart, will excite himself only over that which might presumably compromise the freedom of others." From the English point of view, what Frenchmen have gained in the matter of freedom by the third Republic over and above what they had under the Second Empire is infinitesimal. Liberalism has struck no roots in democracy. Under the parliamentary régime of the existing Republic, the moral and political influence of the Liberals has disappeared. They play a far more insignificant part than they did under Napoleon III.

Such is the view of the British subject; and he illustrates the compassion he feels for these terribly hampered Republicans by citing facts of daily occurrence here, which would provoke a revolution in England; violations of the right of domicile, examinations of papers, long precautionary detentions, secret orders, vexatious interferences by the authorities and restrictions laid on the right of assembly and the freedom of teaching. Intolerance, religious or anti-religious, appears, to him, the chief obstacle to the establishment of a liberal régime. If the clericals were in power, he opines that their hand would be exactly as heavy as is now that of the anti-clericals, who treat their opponents like Helots. Mr. Bodley paints in lively colors the moral intimidation under which the provincial functionaries labor, and quotes cases

within his personal knowledge where their consciences have been sorely oppressed.

Now it is no reactionary or obscurantist who thus bears his testimony. Of all the régimes of the Nineteenth Century on which he passes judgment, that of the sixteenth of May is most heavily condemned. It is in these cutting terms that the censor of the monarchial party sums up his opinion of the adversaries of the Republic: "Every fresh opportunity afforded them has but served more conclusively to prove that anti-republicanism in France is only another name for political weakness and inaptitude." He recalls, with strong censure, as a typical example of illiberality, the attitude of Mgr. Dupanloup on the occasion of M. Littré's election to the Academy. But he gives the first prize for fanaticism to the anti-clericals whom he met in the provinces, in offices, committee-rooms and lodges. In a higher grade of life he was especially shocked by the law, none the less carefully observed because unwritten, which forbids all great functionaries to pronounce the name of God in public. "The Chief Magistrate, who by virtue of the Concordat presides over semi-ecclesiastical ceremonies like the presentation of a Cardinal's hat, is as careful not to appear officially in the churches as if they were places of ill-repute." The Greek church forms the only exception. "On every birthday of a member of the Russian imperial family, the high officials of the Republic flock to church." Their zeal, we are told, is so great that a foreigner like Montesquieu's Persian might fancy the hostility of the anti-clericals to be not so much against Christianity as against the *Filioque* article of the Occidental creed. We know that the understanding between the Republic and the Czar fills Englishmen with an amazement which is more or less sincere; and this will also explain another re-

mark of Mr Bodley's to the effect, that, loving France as he does, he has often been tempted to regret that instead of allying herself with Russia and borrowing her parliamentary institutions from England, France had not made the former her governmental model and sought the friendship of the latter.

But if liberty, in the English sense of the word, is, in France but an incomprehensible symbol engraved upon a prison-door, equality is admitted by Mr. Bodley to be the ruling passion of our people. He does not fail to note certain curious anomalies. In England, if a cabinet-minister pays a visit to a provincial town, he is not met at the station, unless his personal friends have been apprised of his coming. But in France, when an under-secretary of State takes an outing, cannon boom, the whole town is afoot, and his Excellency may thank Napoleon I who made provision by the decree of Messidor for the utmost flattery of a Republican Minister. When the President of the Republic takes a trip, distributing decorations as he goes, "his especial mission would appear to be to proclaim the fact that the State does not countenance equality. He seizes the opportunity to create all sorts of coveted distinctions."

This is not so bad, but our critic puts his finger on a more striking incongruity, when he notes the rapidly increasing numbers, in this land of equality, of citizens who deck themselves with titles of nobility. According to him there are many more of these "privileged without privilege," among us now, than there were under the old régime. Mr. Bodley sees a distinct social danger in this apparently harmless mania, for the reason that it swells the ranks of the idle and incapable, and helps to recruit the class for whom our Aristarchus reserves his heaviest censure. Rightly or wrongly, the French aristocracy appears to him

a lifeless mass, utterly dull to the conditions of modern life, standing aloof and sulking childishly, setting a fatal example. To support his view he tells a number of anecdotes, one of which is good. In the days of Boulangerism one foreign ambassador and one only furnished his Court with accurate information, and predicted the final failure of the enterprise. Mr. Bodley asked him where he got his trustworthy information. "It was the simplest thing in life," replied the diplomat, "I used to go every day to a certain famous club, whose membership is entirely reactionary. I listened to what these men said, embodied the exact reverse in the despatch that I sent off at night and I was sure to be in the right the next day." It was a clever scheme, but Mr. Bodley may be quite sure that his friend would have employed it with equal success if he had haunted the lobbies of the Chamber of Deputies, or the editorial office of a great newspaper, not to speak of the private ministerial apartments where M. Floquet sat enthroned, in short any place where men assemble in numbers and prophecy the future. Precisely because there are numbers present, sensible men will often talk nonsense with fools. Those who see farthest are apt to dissimulate their real minds, ostensibly taking the tone of their company, and adopting the key-note of those fanatics who regulate opinion in every gathering of Frenchmen, whether fashionable or political, reactionary or republican.

I fear that Mr. Bodley has fallen into one of those hasty generalizations which he deprecates in his preface. He saw in Paris those gauzy-winged moths, who flutter and hustle about all the cosmopolitan lustres. Is it not a characteristic feature of the Capital of elegance, and ought we not rather to be grateful to the good citizens and citizens' wives who so industriously fulfill their appointed function? He

observes that it is money which attracts them, and that money is master of the hour; reigning without a rival over democracy and aristocracy alike; becoming every day more powerful, more audacious, madder in its caprices, more tyrannous in its requirements and more slavishly obeyed. One need not have the eyes of a lynx to discover this. But our traveller has lived in the provinces, and knows them intimately. Can he not remember to have met, in the class he so sweepingly condemns, certain men, and a good many of them, who are wholly devoted to the improvement of agricultural methods, and the furtherance of local interests? Does he not know at the cost of what difficulties and vexations, these obstinately suspected men get their good offices accepted, and themselves respected by the community? He points to the lists of the Institute and finds an argument to support his theory in the very small number of the ancient names of France which they contain. But those old names are only one among many national forces, though one which Mr. Bodley will not expect to see disparaged in this place. There are plenty more—the army, agriculture, manufactures—a careful statistician will enumerate all these orders of merit. Among those whom our author sets aside from usefulness there are many in all these careers, men who are serving their country with zeal and self-denial. They have need of courage to react against the universal pessimism; and having had too much in the past, they expect very little for themselves either in the present or the future! They are often reproached with being men of routine; but Mr. Bodley, who has read French history, knows that there have been times when their devotion to routine was the one thing needful; hours of crises when France never failed to find them all ready—even the idlers.

The picture of our manners and customs is followed by a lengthy inquiry into the organization and workings of our government, the constitution of political parties and the parliamentary system in France. The constitution of 1875 "wrung from the lassitude of a monarchical assembly deceived in its darling dream," has, according to Mr. Bodley, a provisional and conciliatory character. It is the first French constitution to announce no abstract principles; proclaim no philosophic or humanitarian dogma. Its framers were buoyed up by no mystical illumination; they did their work doggedly, like Englishmen, providing merely for the needs of the moment, which may be one reason why our present constitution has lasted longer than previous ones. There is some truth in all this. Mr. Bodley goes on to sketch the portraits of our successive presidents, the honorary guardians of the constitution in question. He describes them indulgently, with his own slightly enigmatical courtesy. Poor M. Grévy indeed gets a bad quarter-of-an-hour. The historian appears to know, to the least tittle, the services which that astute old gentleman rendered to himself, but nothing whatever of the really sound and lasting benefits which he conferred upon his country.

The republican Senate made no particular impression upon our visitor. The Luxembourg seemed to him like a retreat for learned old men, whose faculties are not yet eclipsed, and whose favorite pastime it is to meet in academic conference and discuss knotty points of history and law, with occasional references to the events of the day. The President takes the chair tranquilly, and gives the tone of the afternoon session by pronouncing in beautiful language the funeral oration of some lately deceased colleague. He rehearses the life-story of the departed, under the Restoration and the Mon-

archy of July as far as the Second Republic, which would have been a season of glory for the Senator who is gone, "if Louis Napoleon had not stifled a genius formed to astonish Europe."

A considerable portion of the book is of course devoted to the Chamber of Deputies, its legislative work and electoral recruitment. To explain the latter Mr. Bodley takes refuge, very modestly, behind the authority of Jules Ferry, and quotes a page from a pamphlet written under the empire by the Republican minister that was to be, "We now know the possibilities of centralization, as applied to universal suffrage"—and the passage goes on in the same avenging strain, he who chose it appearing to think that nothing better, and nothing more could be said to-day. Is it not the only bad turn which this terrible Englishman does Jules Ferry. He quotes him again in the chapter where he treats of Corruption under the third Republic, "France, delivered from the corruptions of the imperial period, has entered upon an era of austere virtue" etc.

So universally villified is the era in question that the regular answer which Mr. Bodley received when he asked a peasant what he thought of his representative was this: "Oh, he is probably *canaille* like all the rest of them!" Deeply afflicted by this disrespectful attitude toward the National Assembly, and surprised to find that the idea of choosing a different deputy seemed never to occur to the peasant mind, our traveller repaired for further information to the *Palais Bourbon*, and there he was partially consoled by finding that the peasants had exaggerated. Hither however we will not follow him, because this part of the book, however instructive to the English reader, can teach a Frenchman nothing which he does not already know. . . .

We have to thank the English traveller both for amusement and instruc-

tion, but we will also remind him yet once more of the perils of generalization. He appears to me rather sweeping, not to say abusive, when he says that "the Third Republic is as completely bereft of *Aspasias*, as of statesmen with the force of *Pericles*, and brilliant republicans like *Alcibiades*." I had not supposed we were so poor in *Aspasias*, while some of our "brilliant republicans" would seem to have taken the Athenian for their model, both in violating the statues of the gods, and in cutting off their dogs' tails. The superstition is, however, excusable, which leads Mr. Bodley to evoke the great shades of former parliamentarians for the confounding of our generation.

Against the nullity of our present Parliament he offsets those admired Assemblies, among whose leading lights were *Lanfrey*, *Schérer*, *Hippolyte*, *Carnot* and *Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire*. I myself had the honor of knowing several of these illustrious personages, and—unlikely witness though I be—I will undertake to guarantee that Mr. Bodley could find in the *Palais Bourbon* to-day, at least twenty young men, the equals if not the superiors, of those decorative legislators now no more.

There as everywhere else in France (and if he knows it, he might have said so more plainly), Mr. Bodley would find among all classes an incalculable reserve of talent, good will and unemployed energy, fit worthily to represent those rural and provincial folk whom he so justly eulogizes. A parliamentary system, ill-understood and ill-applied, has brought the worst elements to the surface, and paralyzed the nation's vital force. We languish in a pessimism whose universal diffusion is a surprise to our author, because he deems it so inconsistent with our national temper. We are all waiting, insists Mr. Bodley, for that man of



genius and initiative, who is required by the instincts of our race, by our permanent institutions, by our defects and by our virtues. All Frenchmen admit it, says our confidant, the moment you question them in private; but he is very much afraid that the fascination of certain cabalistic phrases, and the fear of strange gods may forever hinder these timid souls from saying what it is they really desire. Poor Frenchmen! They had to get an English-

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man to speak for them and, lo, he has plunged them in embarrassment. It is understood that all our troubles come from the "snobbishness" of those thoughtless philosophers who went to London to be treated, a century ago. But while my Lord Chesterfield advised the relaxing drug of Liberalism, the witty author of "Contemporary France" prescribes the tonic of Authority. Which of our Englishmen are we to believe?

*Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé.*

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### THE ROMANCE OF THATMAIYO BRIDGE.

Away on the borders of an ancient kingdom of Southern Asia, a great gorge broke for centuries the continuity of the already sufficiently difficult road which still winds among dim teak forests and jungle-clad ranges from the banks of a turbid river through the Shan country into China. Even now, when the British Government has built rest-houses and police outposts all along it, that road is best traversed in broad daylight, when it can be seen if a landslip has gouged out some portion overhanging a precipice, while the few Europeans who cross it on official business halt and gaze down with wonder into the depths of Thatmaiyo Gorge.

Riven through the mountains by some convulsion of Nature ages ago, it lies an awful gulf of shadow where, just at noon, the sunlight touches the palms far away below, while at any other time the spray of a frothing torrent mingles with the mist which hides half the dripping jungles on the less precipitous sides until these in turn give place to stunted deodars on the heights above. Yet from time immemorial, a stream of native com-

merce passed that way into the red country—tea, silk, spices, incense, coming down on the little hill ponies' backs, which the ancestors of Boh Maiyo plundered at will. Once a frail bridge of twisted creepers spanned the narrowest part of the chasm until the father of the Boh hewed it through, just when a band of armed merchants who refused to pay his toll were crossing, and the gorge became the scene of another tragedy. Afterwards, for a generation, the pack-trains spent three days winding down through transverse ravines and painfully scaling the heights again, and no one refused the Boh his due, until one day an emissary of the British Government decided that such a state of affairs had lasted long enough, and orders were given for a bridge to be built.

So two ropes were made in Sheffield from little bars of steel with blisters on them smelted with charcoal in Swedish forests and afterwards melted down in small plumbago crucibles, so many pounds at a time, which is a costly and old-world process, though no modern method produces the same



quality of steel, and the Government demanded the best. Then the rods rolled from it were quenched in the old hardening water which is dearer than sherry, drawn into wire and tempered in oil again by men whose skill was inherited, and when at length the ropes were finished, each strand was proved to possess double the strength of common steel, while the outer ones could scarcely be scraped by a file. Coiled up on huge wooden drums, they suggested only the prosaic completion of work well done, and yet each roll of tough hard metal was to play its part in romance.

Next, Edward Kennedy, bridge-builder, went up into the forests, taking with him one white assistant, several score of mechanics trained on Indian railways, and at least as many Hindoo coolies, besides ponderous elephants carrying portable forges and two heavy wooden drums, whose purpose the dusky natives made vague guesses at. It was in the wet season, and several loaded beasts fell over a precipice, while at times the elephants stuck fast in the mire. A landslide also obliterated one camp, and when they neared the gorge a number of the coolies, without acquainting Kennedy of their intentions, departed hurriedly for the coast, while the rest declared they had seen malevolent faces watching them among the leaves. But Kennedy, who fell sick of dysentery, and was carried in a hammock, held on stubbornly, for he had expected this, and, in due time, with a third of his followers and various valuable sundries missing, reached the gorge.

It was a listless evening some time later when he sat in the doorway of his tent puzzling over a strip of paper which was covered with what seemed Chinese characters. High above, the deodars were fading into dimness, and the ranges loomed up black and solemn against the dying light, while the last

glimmer of the cooking fires only intensified the gloom. He could hear the fret of the torrent in unseen depths, and there was a drumming of moisture upon vibrating leaves, until the strangeness of it all grew oppressive, and he felt as it were translated out of the nineteenth century into the beginning of a primeval world. Then there was a sound of cautious footsteps, and Kennedy started when, half visible in the light of a dying fire, a white man approached the tent. His thin uniform was torn in places, his helmet bulged and shapeless from long exposure to sun and rain, and only the big revolver seemed cared for and new. Kennedy also noticed that both face and frame bore the stamp of the damp hot climate in a certain gauntness, though the former was keen and resolute. Then the stranger smiled as though enjoying his bewilderment, and waved the two Indian soldiers behind him away.

"Thought I'd come over the ranges and see you," he said. "It's very lonely here until one gets used to it; besides, I'm out of tobacco and haven't seen a white man for months."

"I am very glad," said Kennedy, passing his cigar-box across. "Sit down; these are at your disposal. May I ask who you are?" and the stranger laughed as he answered, "Lieutenant Cochrane, joint ruler of this delectable district with the Boh Maiyo. My jurisdiction extends so far as there is sunlight to sight a rifle in, and the Boh takes over all that's hidden in the shadow of the bush. We stalk each other on opportunity, and that's one reason I came so quietly."

"I was warned about him," said Kennedy. "Perhaps he sent me this letter. Can you read it?" and opening the flimsy paper under a paraffin lamp, Cochrane nodded as he answered "Yes; this gorge was his favorite home until I hunted him out of it; we lost

several Sikhs in the process. Now he lives mostly among the peaks up there, and it's strange he hasn't already called upon you. He has persuaded some trader to write you an indignant remonstrance, pointing out that from ancient days his people were custodians of the gorge, and he cannot allow any bridge to be built across it. You are therefore politely requested to go away or take the consequences."

This time Kennedy also laughed: "It's a chance I have long been waiting for, and the bridge will be built if all the robbers between here and China object to it," he said. "They can't burn that steel rope, and save for some made in two ancient cities no steel in the east can cut it," while Cochrane answered dryly, "No; but human bodies are not equally impervious, and if I were you I would sit close in camp and confine myself to tinned provisions. I will answer this, if I can get any one to bear the message, for the Boh has a habit of warning those who bring him unpleasant tidings. Now tell me all about home, for we must start long before the dawn in case the Boh hearing of my coming is waiting for me."

The two lonely white men sat talking long into the night, and before he flung himself down fully dressed on Kennedy's trestle cot, Cochrane promised to come again, while when the former opened his eyes next morning there was no trace of either that officer or his soldiers, except that the cigar-box was empty and sundry bottles littered the floor. After this nothing happened for a week or so, and Kennedy, who stretched the two stout cables across the ravine, buried the anchor-plates to hold them under loads of cement, and tried with indifferent success to get an average day's work out of his colored assistants, who began to mutter that evil spirits haunted the place, while, unobserved,

little wiry men watched him from the jungles. Also, as one of them afterwards testified, the Boh, who took counsel with his advisers among the fastnesses of the ranges, said it would be better not to destroy the bridge just then, but to wait until it was finished, when the blow would have treble effect. "Thus," he concluded, "all shall know that this jungle is mine, and no white man will venture again to build bridges in it. Meantime, why should this stranger sit down in peace?"

Then the Boh's hand became apparent, for a timber hewer was found with his throat cut beside the log he felled. Several of the coolies fell mysteriously sick and Kennedy, remembering Cochrane's advice, grew cautious about his food, and sent his white assistant, who having lain helpless with fever most of the time was glad to go, back again. "I cannot do any good, and this ghastly place is crushing the life out of me," the latter said.

Sometimes there was a clinking in the darkness beyond the ravine, and when in the morning Kennedy swung himself across the awful chasm in a travelling cage, he found the print of naked feet in the mould and a few slight dents on the stout cables. Then, remembering the percentage of carbon that steel contained, he smiled dryly, and pictured the notched edge of the native blade. Twice also, as he stood panting beside the forges in the fierce heat of afternoon, the crash of a long gun filled the jungle with reverberations, and the first time his leading smith, a big-bearded man from beyond the Indus, stood up and cursed the heathen in the name of the Prophet, with two slugs in his arm, while the second something which whirled past Kennedy's head struck in the straight shaft of a palm, and on extraction proved to be of bright metal somewhat lighter than lead. More men mysteri-

ously disappeared, and his sleep was broken by strange noises in the jungle, or the rush of a charging boulder which narrowly missed the camp.

But, though he grew anxious and careworn, he determined to match Western stubbornness against the patient cunning of the East, and kept the remnant of his men at work in fear and trembling by pointing out that they were safer there than wandering unarmed through the bush. So he slept in the daytime, and sat watching with the rifle across his knees all night, while day by day, as he and his invisible opponents played out the waiting game, the bridge grew steadily. It, however, struck him as unneighborly that Cochrane never intervened, and when once he told him so, the latter said, "I will do my part in due time, but you see my main object is to take the Boh red-handed, which is a difficult thing to do. We are watching each other, and the one who makes the first move gives his side away. What's that—a bullet fired at you?—it was probably made out of a rupee, the result of superstition common to West and East. They can't cut your cables, while their neighbors down country found it easy chopping telegraph wires up. Ergo, it's due to magic, and you are a wizard who can only be killed by a silver bullet. It also shows the Boh considers they have let you go far enough, and is now contemplating vigorous action."

"And what have they been doing meantime?" asked Kennedy in choleric astonishment, while Cochrane laughed as he answered "Amusing themselves and seeing you did not get too happy. No, I am not going to undertake any wild-goose chase among the ranges after the Boh; can't afford to throw away my men like that, you know. My plan is to lie *perdu* and wait for him, but I'll leave this messenger with you; he will find me if I'm wanted badly."

He departed, leaving Kennedy in a state of righteous indignation, though the latter, who was by no means a timid man, redoubled his precautions. He had worked with Death for a neighbor before, when pestilence mowed down his comrades in Brazil, and had been shot at surveying for light railways in Western Africa. Still, he was decidedly unwilling that the Boh should destroy him or the results of his labor, and his whole heart was set upon the completion of his bridge. Therefore, with destruction hanging over his head, and sometimes descending at night to miss him by a yard or so, he continued doggedly at his dangerous task, a most unheroic, stumpy figure, in old alpaca jacket, very dingy topee, and when the sun was bright, a pair of smoked spectacles.

At last one morning his storekeeper came running in to say, "Last night I slept outside the store and heard no one, but when the sun rose the door was open and many tools had gone. This must surely be the work of jungle devils."

Kennedy, with practised eyes, noted what was missing and said half aloud, "It is time I sent Cochrane's messenger. The jungle spirits don't use sledgehammers and cold chisels, so it's fairly evident some dusky mechanic has been hiding beside the forges to study modern workshop practice. You don't understand, storekeeper, but you may remember that if by witchcraft any more tools are missing, the count of your wages will be the less for it."

A week passed and nothing happened, save that the messenger returned with the laconic answer, "Keep both eyes open; he is ready to move," while Kennedy, who realized how hard it is to match the Oriental at a waiting game, drove the work forward, for at last he felt both nerve and patience yielding to the strain. Then one hot night he sat somewhat limp and de-

jected outside his tent, looking several years older than when he first came there. A full moon was rising blood-red above the jungle through filmy vapor, and though his side of the valley lay wrapped in deep shadow, he could see the growing light travel slowly across the bridge, which hung a fairy-like structure above the black abyss. The sweep of the trusty cables was fair to the eye; the web of well-braced metal beneath them seemed the perfection of strength with lightness, good in design and workmanship, neither could the builder's skilled inspection find any fault in it. Then he remembered how pleasant it would be to breathe the cool English air again, hear the voices of his fellows, and feel the pulse of civilization beating about him after that dreary sojourn in the primeval solitude. Already, in fancy, he could inhale the freshness of green English meadows, until a monkey chattered, and recalled him to the steamy dimness of the tropics.

Some beast moved through the undergrowth; with a shock of rattling branches the monkeys fled, and the bush seemed filled with noises, then the silence that followed grew almost overwhelming. Kennedy looked about him, but no one stirred in all the camp and the fires had sunk to circles of pale embers, until he heard a sentry stumble among the creepers, and the sound brought comfort, for at least it betokened a tangible human presence. Then a stick snapped sharply, and though nothing followed he became a prey to the feeling that the surrounding blackness was filled with hostile beings; but the sentry gave no warning and he determined to dose himself next morning, for Kennedy, who was materialistic, smiled at psychology. But the feeling would not be shaken off, and presently, hearing a rustle like that made by a tightening tent-line, the bridge-builder rose sharply—too late.

Something smote him from behind, and as half dazed, with fingers tightening on the rifle trigger, he turned, there was a patter of naked feet and little men came pouring half seen out of the shadows. Once the repeater flashed, and though the bridge-builder fired from the hip, a choking cry rose up in answer; but it did not flash again, for some one crawling in the grass gripped his ankle, and he lost his balance. Then he had only a dim recollection of hearing a clamor break out in the startled camp and seeing his alien laborers leap into the jungle, while sinewy hands closed tightly about his throat. Next, while his temples throbbed distressfully, he found himself lying bound with creepers upon the threshold of the tool store, where two little, narrow-eyed men also sat scowling at him. There was plenty of light to see them by, for the moon was clear of the forest now, and the red glare of a burning hut fell athwart the bridge.

Quaint figures with naked limbs in loose drapery scurried to and fro across it, hewing at the cables with glinting blades, and wrenching up the half-laid roadway, while others plied hammers that were too heavy for those unaccustomed to wield them, or howled when as the chisels slipped from the elastic steel a comrade brought the sledge down upon the holder's arm. Even then Kennedy smiled as he watched them, knowing that twelve months' labor so applied would be thrown away; for though the light structure vibrated under the blows, the men who made those ropes had done their work thoroughly, and the wire resisted all efforts to cut it in that fashion. Still, in other directions the destroyers did damage enough, and Kennedy wriggled fiercely under his bonds when each thud rising out of the blackness below told of some heavy piece of metal hurled into the gorge. The veins on his forehead grew swollen, the

tough creepers bit into his flesh, but they refused to yield, even when his guards seeing him helpless slipped away to join in a search for plunder.

Nevertheless he looked on with grim satisfaction as, with lighted torches, they approached one particular hut, for a quantity of giant powder was stored in it. So, while shattered cases and cement bags were strewn about, diminutive men flitted round it under burdens until the roof fell in with a crash. Then a sudden blaze shot up, fragments of burning timber hurtled out of it, and though giant powder requires a detonator to produce its full effect, the expansion was clearly sufficient to burn and badly frighten some of the depredators, for they vanished into the shadows screaming shrilly. Afterwards there was only the clink and clash of hammers on the bridge, until some native genius suggested a new procedure, and a group of bent figures appeared rolling a boulder towards where the cables sloped to the anchor-plates.

With that for an anvil their efforts might become dangerous, and Kennedy groaned, feeling he would give the rest of his life to save the bridge. Yet, lying there, with bleeding wrists and ankles, coughing in the acrid smoke, he could do nothing, nor even decide whether when the ruin was completed he would be held for ransom or hurled into the gorge. From Cochrane's description he could recognize the Boh, a slight yet commanding figure moving among the others, whose flashing tools and garments changed color under the firelight like the glasses of a kaleidoscope, and then a regular clang of hammers broke out, different from anything which had preceded it, for the destroyers had the boulder beneath the chisels now. There was no more running to and fro, the clamor died away, for men waited methodically for their turn at the hammers, and Kennedy realized the end must be near. He

could hear the cables vibrating in a duller tone, and once, he fancied, a sound in the jungle which made his heart beat wildly. But this also died away, and he started when a shadowy object wormed its way through the grasses, and he recognized the voice of his Pathan artificer.

"Lie still, Sahib; stretch out your hands," it said. "There is help in the jungle. The ankles now," and Kennedy felt his bonds yield beneath a knife. He lay still after the first movement, which sent a shock of pain through his stiffened limbs, then following the other wriggled towards his tent, hoping the looters had not found the revolver under the pillow of his cot. No one saw him, and the weapon was there, while the Pathan had discovered a crowbar, which he whispered grimly might serve, and again for a space the two sat still breathing hard, while Kennedy debated how to commence the diversion he knew was urgently needed.

Even as he did so, sudden and intense, the call of a whistle pierced the shadows, and, following it, spurts of flame streaked the jungle. Something rang metallically upon the bridgework, unseen missiles hummed out of the darkness, and the swarm of wreckers opened out, clamoring like a flock of startled wildfowl. Where they all went to Kennedy did not know, though he could hear a few smashing through the creepers, for his eyes were fixed upon the twos and threes of running men in uniform, and he shouted hoarsely at the twinkle of bayonets, remembering how Cochrane had said his messenger would find him when he was wanted. Then, as some converged upon the opposite head of the bridge, one man who was not a soldier ran back along it alone, leaping over the gaps in the partly finished road, and Kennedy, who saw it was the Boh, scrambled forward to meet him. A



bareheaded white man followed, and when Kennedy and his Pathan stood waiting to cut off his retreat, the fugitive halted and glanced over his shoulder towards his pursuer. Once the engineer's revolver flashed, but his hands had been cramped by the bonds, and the bullet went wide, while there was a shout from the white man: "Quit firing; you nearly shot me. Give him law; the Boh is my property."

Then for a few moments Kennedy scarcely breathed, as with straining eyes he watched the tableau on the bridge. Drawn together, lithe and cat-like, with a blade that made pale flashes, the Boh waited as though ready for a spring; and, lowering the stumpy revolver, Cochrane, helmetless, in thorn-torn rags, stood still erect before him, saying something whose purport Kennedy could not catch. Then, as in fierce excitement the latter clenched his hands, the two men—Oriental and Briton—who had fought out each in his own dogged way a quarrel which had lasted two years now, stood silently face to face, until he saw Cochrane shift his grip on the revolver, as the other moved one foot. Next a black shape leaped forward under a circling blade, but instead of a crack of the pistol, Cochrane's arm swung out as he sprang aside, and Kennedy fancied he heard a thud. The Boh lost his balance, staggered forward, dropping his weapon, then turning half round stepped sideways with a growl of defiance, and vanished suddenly. Several seconds passed, then a faint crash like that of a broken branch rose faintly out of the abyss, and there was an impressive silence, while Cochrane stooping looked down through the gap in the bridge.

Afterwards he came forward picking his way, and said quietly: "Gone! and somehow I am almost sorry. We hunted each other so long that I shall miss him. Whether it was *felo de se* or an accident I don't exactly know; but

in any case it was better so. He was a worthy enemy, and I wouldn't like to have seen him working in chains, like a petty thief. However, as a matter of duty, I did my best to take him."

Kennedy did not remember what his answer was, though he wrung Cochrane's hand, while when the dusky turbaned soldiers came back out of the undergrowth the latter said: "Got nobody; I did not expect they would. Still, there will be a safe passage through this region now, for they have no one fit to replace the Boh. At least he made a characteristic ending, and there was some excuse for him. This kind of work was born in him; and for generations his ancestors collected the forest tolls. I guessed what he was plotting, and lay low; but he was quicker than I expected, and might have succeeded only for the staunchness of your ropes."

Then he laughed as Kennedy answered dryly: "I can't exactly appreciate the part you made me play, but all things considered, I am much obliged to you. Meanwhile, you must be hungry; and now—the first time for many weeks—we can enjoy a meal in peace."

In little groups the coolies crept back again, and Cochrane, who knew pursuit was useless in the dark, enjoyed a much-needed rest, while next morning Kennedy found that a few relief tackles were all that were needed to secure the bridge while he made good the slight damage to the cables. After this the work proceeded without interruption, and perhaps the ringing of hammers set the creepers trembling above the grave of the Boh. His body was never found by the white men, and Cochrane, who said his followers had stolen it away, declared that he was not sorry the grim ruler of the jungle should sleep undisturbed among its fastnesses. Also, in accordance with his advice, Kennedy made only a bald statement, for he said the authorities



objected to sensational reports just then, and few white men ever heard the story of how the steel ropes defeated the Boh.

But the bridge was finished, and now the dusky drivers of the pack trains which pass in safety bless the man who built it, and Kennedy, who looks back upon those anxious days, also remembers his farewell in an old-world Eastern city. Each time he recalls it he can smell the wood smoke and faint

odor of spices, and see the group of Europeans sitting round the long table, a few bronzed to the color of coffee, but the most part pallid and hollow of face. Also when Cochrane, who had made a long journey to bid him good-bye, rose up after the one toast, which has a special significance in the unhealthy tropics, "Absent friends," he raised his glass and nodded towards him, saying "To the memory of Boh Maiyo."

*Harold Bindloss.*

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

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### AVE ATQUE VALE.

(The Empress Frederick, born November 21st, 1840; died August 5th, 1901.)

Rest, noble Heart, with strength not courage spent;—  
With softly-closing eye and tranquil breath  
Thou welcomest, in unuttered deep content,  
The dear embrace of death.

Calm in thy desperate pain, so proudly borne,  
Down the grim Valley where the shadow lay—  
No pity sought—but smiling in sweet scorn  
At weakness and dismay;

What heart was ever schooled as thine was schooled?  
Oh, thou wert richly dowered with love and pride,  
Not that vain pomp by fulsome homage fooled,  
But power to rule, to guide;

Swift hope, and radiant faith, and wisdom sure,  
And skill to capture visionary gleams,  
And generous trust, and love divinely pure,  
These were thy golden dreams!

And yet thy very frankness made thee foes;—  
False pride of race rose muttering at thine ear,  
And jealousy that scowls, and scowling goes  
To league with craven fear.

And sorrow came, dim-eyed, with finger chill  
On quivering lip, and drew thee firmly back,

Back from the happy pathway, mounting still,  
Down from the aspiring track.

Ay, width and depth of love—so God hath willed—  
Is width and depth of suffering! We are blind  
And faithless! but the restless heart is stilled,  
And stilled the questioning mind,

For Love is mirrored in thine anguished eyes,  
And Love attends thy faintly-ebbing breath;  
Love turns the page, and smiles, beyond the skies,  
At pain, and doubt, and death.

The Spectator.

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### SISTER GIOVANNA OF THE CROSS.\*

BY MATILDE SERAO.

(Concluded.)

#### XII.

That year Easter fell in mid-April and the bells rang gaily in the warm spring air. Crowds came and went through the church doors where a solemn high mass had been sung, or where a low mass was being said. Beneath the portals old men and little children offered for sale holy images and humble paschal violets; and in aristocratic quarters the florists showed richer flowers—tea-roses and fragrant lilacs. Crowds came and went through the long streets, flooded with brilliant sunshine; young girls with soft, proud eyes, those Neapolitan eyes where languor and vivacity are so fascinatingly blended; groups of young men met or followed them, seeking for a glance, a smile, a tender sign. Handsome carriages passed continually. Everywhere was gaiety diffused by the bright sun, the caress of the balmy air, the feast with its glad bells, the feeling of joy and freedom which inspires

everyone after the melancholy of Holy Week.

The bells, after their twenty-four hours of mournful silence, pealed merrily forth, from near and far with a joyous mingling of grave and silvery notes, and all rejoiced in the Resurrection of the Redeemer. At the end of the Via Toledo, at the very end, past the Piazza Dante, there is a side street leading to the Palazzo Tarsia, whose name it bears; it is a cross-street by which one goes to Ponte Corvo, Monte Santo and la Pignasecca; and is very much frequented on week days, but nearly deserted on holidays. For an exception, on this Easter Sunday, the sidewalks were crowded by the people going to the Palazzo.

This Palazzo belonging to the Municipality of Naples is copied in its architecture from the exquisite house of Diomedea at Pompeii. Now all its façade was hidden behind banners and flags, rather cheap flags, to tell the truth! Beneath the peristyle, along the white walls, a few green plants had been placed for decoration; gentlemen were hurrying about the corridors giv-

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Florence McIntyre Tyson and Marie Eulalie Perkins.  
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ing orders and exchanging a few words as they passed by. They all wore frock coats and high hats, and some left their coats open to show their snowy vests. Each had a little badge of red-and-yellow silk, the emblem of their office.

Their dress formed a great contrast to the silent yet impatient crowd that gathered thicker and thicker before the entrance. They were miserably poor, and only here and there could be seen some individual whose cleanliness showed a decent poverty; but the greater part of them had fallen to a state of degradation which knows no shame. Not only were the clothes torn, but no careful hand had tried to mend them; not only were they ragged but stained and muddy, showing traces of having been slept in, either in some miserable den or on the dusty church steps. In the radiant spring sunshine these rags showed degradation in the full horror of its successive stages—the ignoble neglect of self, the loss of dignity, of all human respect, of all shame; they showed that profound and fatal cynicism which comes from having suffered hunger and cold, from having despaired of man, and of God.

The women had on faded, torn skirts and bodices which had been taken as alms, some with handsome, frayed trimmings which made them more incongruous still. Two or three of them, coming from the suburbs where city and country meet, were bare-footed; some had wooden shoes, from the poor districts of Naples; some had heelless leather sandals, called "planelli;" others had men's hob-nailed boots. The women's faces were all strangely old and wrinkled; some disgustingly ill, one covering a goitre with her shawl; the few young ones tried to hide away. Most of them had an expression of apathy and indifference; some few were timid and reserved; some sad and resigned; others hard and bold looking. A deep silence reigned among them.

The men were perhaps even more repulsive than the women; their trousers horribly torn and dirty, held up by a pin, were either too large for the wearer, or too short, showing their stockingless feet thrust into ragged shoes. Their shirts—but these were rare—were of coarse cotton or dirty, thick flannel. Their head-gear formed a most remarkable collection; one old beggar had even an opera hat which had turned brick red and was pleated like an accordion.

Among the men, the signs of vice and misery were even more pronounced; old wrinkled men, with watery eyes, and blue, pale lips, over toothless gums. The young ones—and there were some very young—showed signs of incurable infirmity, or native degeneracy; they were blind, lame, sallow or with a hectic flush. One could not put his withered arm through his coat; one was simple; another so crippled that by means of two iron hoops he walked on his hands. The timid, suffering air of some of the women was entirely wanting among them. They were shameless, and certain faces showed the sinister look of those footpads who would stop a belated traveller to demand his money or his life. Most of them had an air of bravado and defiance. They were even suspicious of one another, glancing askance as though fearing their neighbors would rob them.

When the cannon sounded—and it sounded very loud, for the Monte Santo district is near San Martino where at San Salvo the regulating shot is fired—there was a double movement. First the gentlemen in frock coats and high hats, accompanied by several officers, guards and carabinieri, came forward in two rows in the vestibule of the Palazzo; then the miserable wretches, male and female, made their way to the door, slowly or rapidly as their age and infirmities allowed. Each one held a white card, where was printed "Ban-

quet of the Poor," with the place and date; and above were the arms of the Municipality which in honor of Easter, offered this repast to three hundred beggars—one hundred and fifty men, one hundred and fifty women.

With a politeness that was slightly exaggerated, four gentlemen examined the tickets, the policemen and carabinieri keeping order meanwhile and allowing only one to pass in at a time. It was a queer spectacle, this procession of ragamuffins, dirty, torn, diseased, passing in review before the men of the world in their well-cut suits and stylish hats. Even the most cynical pauper was seized by a sudden shame, and some were so confused that they lost their way, stumbled and almost fell. One old woman did fall and was helped up by a handsome young fellow with a fair moustache, who was decorated with the cross of a Cavaliere, and who offered her his hands in their light gray gloves.

There were some difficulties. A young imbecile with a foolish, childish face, had lost his ticket; put back coldly but firmly by the gentlemen, he burst into tears, while his foolish mouth still smiled, and a woman explained that he had had his ticket, but that some one had no doubt taken advantage of his state to rob him of it—this testimony availed naught. One woman insisted on bringing in her two children, saying they would sit on her lap and be perfectly quiet; but it was of no use, and she set them down near the railing with many caresses and promises that she would eat nothing but would save all for them; at last she went in quivering with emotion. Another tried to bring in her five children on two tickets, saying she would only wait on them and would not eat anything herself; she made such a disturbance they finally yielded and let her take in the two youngest.

When the three hundred were seated

it was twenty minutes after one. Two long tables were spread to right and left of the so-called Pompeian Colonnade; the women were on the right, the men on the left. The tables were plainly spread, but all was very neat; the cloth was snowy white, and at each place was a white napkin, a polished glass, a spoon and fork that shone almost like silver, a horn-handled knife, and a bottle containing a little less than a quart of some light wine. Here and there near the wall were smaller tables with nothing but a tablecloth where the waiters were to carve and cut the bread. There was a certain grace about the arrangements, though the room still kept its deserted chilly look, in spite of the people, who circulated through it.

It was quite a task to get the three hundred seated. A few ladies, also wearing the little badge of yellow and red, were with the gentlemen. They were the patronesses of the banquet, and on this Easter day they had sacrificed all pleasures and occupations for this. Some had drawn off their gloves, showing by their bare hands laden with rings that they were ready in person to work in this charitable cause. The tallest and most exquisite of them all, with glorious greenish eyes in a milk-white face, and a wealth of reddish hair, wearing in her ears diamonds worth ten thousand lire, gazed at all with a look where curiosity was blended with amazement, even with a certain dread. She held a little aloof from the rest, in a sort of proud repugnance, leaning on her parasol, whose golden handle was studied with turquoises, and raising once or twice to her nostrils her smelling salts in a flask of cut glass, the top a great opal surrounded by diamonds.

Nor was that all. The gallery was full of spectators, who having nothing to do on this holiday had come in their spring toilettes to look on, leaning on

the railing as on the velvet of a theatre stall, talking and exchanging comments with cries of surprise or pity. The pity was rather remote and artificial—the pity of those who are well fed, well clothed and in perfect health, at the sight of pale, ragged, starving poverty. The children pointed out some wretch more pathetic or more horrible than the rest with shrill little peals of laughter. At last all were seated, terribly confused by the well-set tables where they were to eat in public, waited on by servants from great houses and by aristocrats. There was a pause, the beggars at the table, the gentlemen standing, some having removed their hats to wipe their heated brows. The ladies waited too, ready to serve the paupers with their dainty hands; two of them, probably near-sighted, were inspecting them through their lorgnettes, one of silver, the other tortoise-shell with a monogram of diamonds. During the minutes that the delay lasted the same sentiment overwhelmed all these outcasts—humiliation before man, before those whom God had created equal, but whom the chances of life, social fatalities, birth, poverty, error, sorrow, vice, had made so different; the humiliation of three hundred human beings having a heart, a conscience, a sensibility, a personality before the pride of riches, of charity, of pity, of alms given idly and contemptuously.

But the first course had come—macaroni, cooked in a brownish gravy with chicken and cheese, baked in a crust. The waiters served them silently, watched over by four gentlemen. Then the three or four ladies, who had withdrawn their gloves, their rings sparkling, began also to serve them, either from a real or affected pity—perhaps half real, half affected. They went from one to the other, unfolding a napkin for one, offering another bread, and pouring out wine. And the paupers bowed their heads, more and more em-

barrassed, and ill at ease; understanding perfectly that the condescension of these ladies and gentlemen was only a passing sentiment and the public banquet only a novel form of entertainment.

As they began to eat, a new expression crossed their faces; their humiliation and confusion were forgotten in the joy of satisfying their hunger. All ate awkwardly, and some ate but little, because out there at the railing others awaited their share. They had been told that after the repast they could carry away what was left, and also the plate, napkin, spoon, fork and knife, valued at about ten cents, and which they could sell for five or six cents.

The beautiful lady with the green eyes, seeing the others at work, was no doubt rather ashamed of her idleness, for she began to talk to those at the women's table. Gracious and pretty, her beautiful eyes sparkling behind her white veil, she bent over the poor women, but they were either embarrassed or busy eating, for they scarcely answered. Nothing daunted, though her color was a little heightened, she continued her round, her soft, low voice showing her emotion. She stopped near a hard-faced woman of fifty.

"Are you content with your Easter, my good woman?" she asked kindly.

The beggar looked her full in the face, then lowering her eyes as though the question abashed her, answered curtly:

"Yes, Eccellenza."

The young woman was astonished at the brusqueness of this proud beggar, and went to a little old woman, wearing a red handkerchief of the peasant.

"You are not Neapolitan, are you?" she asked gently.

The other raised the sad eyes of a wounded animal.

"I am from Basilicata."

"And what are you doing in Naples?"

"I was—was—a servant—I came long ago with a family from there."

"And now?"

"They put me out—long ago."

"Why?"

"I was sick—I have heart disease—I can't work."

"You still have it, my poor woman?"

"Yes," said the beggar, a faint flush covering her pale face.

The lady paused, not knowing what else to say. Perhaps she understood all at once the futility of her interest; perhaps she understood that her pitying questions only brought back the sorrows of their existence.

The second course now appeared; it was a stew prepared in the way dear to Neapolitans. And again the faces showed an animal delight at sight of the food. Most of them ate greedily, and the hall was filled with the fumes of cooking, besides the odor from all these untidy human beings. Still the gentlemen calmly directed all, and the ladies with their dainty gemmed fingers took the plates from the waiters to hasten the distribution.

The lady of the green eyes had stopped near a woman who seemed very old—seventy years at least. On the worn and wrinkled face many a story was engraved, or perhaps one long story. Her back was bowed, her chin touching her breast; she was dressed in a gown that had once been black, the worn sleeves showing the skinny hands; a ragged, old white fichu was fastened carefully around her neck, and on her head she had a black cotton handkerchief arranged like a nun's head dress, hiding her ears and tied under the chin. She was seated at the lower end of the table, where they were less crowded and where they were waited on last. Her elbows were close to her body so as not to jar her

neighbor, and she looked neither to right nor left, apparently buried in thought.

In her course around the table the lady's cheeks had paled somewhat. The sight of so much poverty, filth and misfortune, had disturbed the conscience of this beautiful, happy woman, intoxicated with her full, rich existence. She perhaps regretted having come to this dismal banquet and was anxious to depart. Still she tried bravely to overcome her repugnance, and bent over this old woman, who seemed the loneliest and poorest of them all.

"You celebrated Easter well, did you not?" she queried, not knowing what else to say.

The woman raised her worn old face, and tearful brown eyes, which had still a certain gentle sadness; but she did not reply.

"Did you enjoy your dinner?" persisted the lady, feeling that she must obtain some reply.

"Yes, Eccellenza," murmured the old woman.

They were silent. There was apparently nothing in common between this living image of grace, elegance and wealth, and the lamentable embodiment of senility, decadence and misery. Yet after an instant the lady began again:

"They are going to serve meat. Do you like it?"

"Yes, Eccellenza, I like it."

"My poor woman, perhaps you have not tasted any for a long time?"

"A very—very—long time," stammered the woman.

"Have you no family?"

"No—no one, no one."

"Where are your relations?"

"They are dead or gone—I don't know."

"How do you live?"

"They give me seventeen centesimi a day," said the old woman, a faint blush mantling her withered cheeks.



"Who gives it to you?" queried the lady, bending over her still more.

"The Government, Eccellenza."

"Indeed? Why?"

"Because—because—I was once a nun," confessed the old woman in a quavering voice.

"You were once a nun? Where?"

Just then a servant laid before the old woman a plate with a piece of stew flanked by three or four potatoes; but she paid no attention to it, her withered yellow hands lay motionless near the plate, and on her cheeks a red flame burnt.

"I was a nun in the convent of the 'Entombed Alive,' she sighed.

"Ah, the Entombed Alive—I remember—I remember. I was a little bit of a girl—that was years ago, was it not?"

"Yes, years—years—ago."

"How many years?"

"Twenty maybe—I don't remember."

"And they give you seventeen centesimi a day. What can you do with seventeen centesimi? You are obliged to ask alms."

"No, I never ask alms," replied the old woman quickly.

"Why?"

"I should be ashamed."

"But, then some one must help you?"

"No, Eccellenza, no one. They think I draw a pension and don't need help."

"Ah, my poor woman, and you were no doubt a lady?"

The old woman shrugged her shoulders as though there was a question of something lost in time immemorial.

"Yes—yes—I was a lady."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Louisa Bevilacqua."

There was again a pause, then:

"Eat your meat."

With her trembling old hands she cut up her meat awkwardly, the young woman looking at her with that intense interest which is inspired by some extraordinary or awful case. After a while she asked:

"Tell me what name you bore in the convent?"

The old woman remained pensive.

"Did you not have a name? A name in religion?"

She was still silent.

"Perhaps you have forgotten, it was so long ago."

"No—I remember—I was called Sister Giovanna of the Cross."

Two great tears rolled down her cheeks and she ceased eating.

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#### THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL.

Any one who wished to defend the thesis that our own generation, however it may fall below its predecessors in outstanding poetical genius, is markedly their superior in poetical taste, might find matter for his argument in the recent rise into fame of the lyrical verse of Marvell. It may be interesting to trace the progress of this growth of appreciation.

In 1681, three years after Marvell's

death, a well printed folio was brought out by his widow containing all his poetry that existed in manuscript, except the political pieces, which, as the Stuarts were still upon the throne, could not be published with safety. Of this book no second edition was called for. In 1726 a literary hack, one Thomas Cooke, who translated Hesiod, and for attacking Pope was rewarded with immortality:

From these the world will judge of  
men and books,  
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and  
Cooke's,

issued an edition of Marvell's poems including the political satires, and rests Marvell's fame almost exclusively on political grounds. "My design," he says, "in this is to draw a pattern for all free-born *Englishmen*, in the life of a worthy Patriot, whose every Action has truly merited to him, with *Aristides*, the surname of the *Just*." How little capable Cooke was of appreciating any of the distinctive qualities of Marvell's verse may be judged from the poems he singles out for special praise. "If we have any which may be properly said to come finished from his Hands, they are these, 'On Milton's Paradise Lost,' 'On Blood's Stealing the Crown' and 'A Dialogue between two Horses.'"

Just fifty years after Cooke's pretty little edition, there appeared another in three great quarto volumes by an editor as little competent to appreciate Marvell's peculiar charm as his predecessor; though he, like Cooke, was a poet in his way. This was Edward Thompson, a captain in the Royal Navy, who was interested in the fame of Marvell, from being himself a native of Hull, and also on the political side, from his friendship with Wilkes. Thompson puts on his title-page some lines from his namesake of "The Seasons," "Hail, Independence, Hall," etc.; and dedicates his volumes to the Mayor and Aldermen of Hull as the "Friends of Liberty and England;" professing that his labor was undertaken to show his esteem for "a person who had been a general friend to mankind, a public one to his country, and a partial and strenuous one to the town of Hull." Thompson's gifts as a critic may be estimated from his assigning to Mar-

vell not only Addison's hymn, "The Spacious Firmament on High," which at least is in Marvell's metre, if not in his manner, but also Mallet's "William and Margaret," a poem that could not have been written before Allan Ramsay's publications had revived interest in the old Scots ballads. Thompson had found these poems with others in a manuscript book, some part of which he declared to be in Marvell's handwriting; and of this fact he would have been a very competent judge from his familiarity with the many letters of Marvell written to his constituents at Hull, which he printed in his edition. From this invaluable autograph he set up his text. "Afterwards, as rare things will, it vanished." But it restored to the world the poem by which Marvell is generally known, "An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland." I must not speak here about Captain Thompson, but I may perhaps be allowed to say I have come to regard his volumes with much more interest since reading in the "Cornhill Magazine" for May, 1868, some extracts from a manuscript journal of his kept in the year 1783-5.<sup>1</sup> The only entry there precisely bearing on our subject is the following, under date 1784, "A nephew of Emma's [his mistress] was named by me Andrew Marvell; when he comes to reason, the name may inspire him to be virtuous." This would show, if more evidence were needed, that it was mainly on the political side that Marvell interested the Captain. His own poetical effusions were chiefly squibs and epigrams, and what he well called "Meretricious Miscellanies." The list of subscribers to Thompson's volumes tells the same tale. It includes the Duke of G—, the Marquis of Granby, the Earl of Shelburne and other Whig peers, the

<sup>1</sup> This diary does not seem to have been known to Prof. Laughton, who wrote the life of Thompson in the "Dictionary of National

Biography," for he speaks of him as unmarried, whereas the Diary makes it clear he had a wife who was mad.

Lord Mayor of London (Sawbridge), and a dozen Members of Parliament, among them Burke, and such stalwarts as Wilkes and Oliver. It includes, more remarkably, the notorious Rigby, who was said by the wits to have bequeathed by his will "near half a million of public money." Learning is represented by that stout republican, Thomas Hollis, and by Daines Barrington the antiquary and naturalist, and correspondent of White of Selborne, who, according to Charles Lamb, was so much the friend of gardens that he paid the gardener at the Temple twenty shillings to poison the sparrows. But literature has only a few names. There is the Rev. Prebendary Mason, his friend the eccentric Dr. Glynn, who once wrote a prize poem, Mrs. Macaulay and Mr. William Woty. Samuel Johnson, LL.D., is conspicuous by absence. The theatre (for Captain Thompson was himself something of a playwright) contributes David Garrick, Esq., Samuel Foote, Esq. and Mr. Colman; and among other personal friends of the editor is the notorious John Stevenson Hall, better known as Hall Stevenson. This worthy and the Duke of Cumberland (Henry Augustus), who heads the list, may have been attracted by the indelicacy of the satires, hardly by anything else.

Eleven years after Thompson's edition of Marvell, appeared that very interesting book, ominous of the dawn of a new era, "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," by Henry Headley, A.B., an enthusiastic young clergyman with genuine taste for the seventeenth century poets. He revived the memory of Drayton and Daniel, whom he praises with discrimination, quoting from the former the now famous sonnet, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part;" and he has a good word to say for Drummond, Browne, Carew and Crashaw; but Marvell is not mentioned. Four years later, however,

Marvell makes his appearance in George Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets," where he is spoken of as "an accomplished man who, though *principally* distinguished by his inflexible patriotism, was generally and justly admired for his learning, his acuteness in controversial writing, his wit, and his poetical talents." Ellis represents him by extracts from "Daphnis and Chloe," and "Young Love," which is much as if the author of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" should be represented by the song "If I had but two little wings." I do not recall any reference to Marvell in Coleridge; and Wordsworth quotes him only as a patriot:

The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,  
Young Vane, and others who called  
Milton friend.

It was Charles Lamb who made the discovery of Marvell's merit as a lyrical poet. In his essay upon the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," printed in the "London Magazine" for September, 1821, he quotes, *apropos* of the Temple sundial, four stanzas from "The Garden," and says of them that they "are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy." The phrase has become classical, as it deserves. The most popular anthology of the last half of the century has been Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and this shows, in its later editions, a curious and interesting growth in appreciation of Marvell. When the first edition appeared, in 1861, it contained three poems of his, "The Horatian Ode," "The Garden" and "The Bermudas." In 1883 there was added an extract from "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," with a note saying "Perhaps no poem in this collection is more delicately fancied, more exquisitely finished;" and in 1891 room was found for "The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers."

With five poems in so small and picked a collection, Marvell's popular reputation as a lyric poet may be reckoned to have culminated.

Marvell was born in 1621, the son of a celebrated preacher who was also master of the Grammar School of Hull, where the boy was educated. He proceeded to Cambridge, took his degree, and then travelled in Holland, France, Italy and Spain. When he returned to England he was engaged by Lord Fairfax as tutor to his daughter Mary, and it is to the time that he spent in retirement in Fairfax's house at Nun Appleton in Yorkshire, perhaps from 1650 to 1653, that we owe the best of his lyrical works. Before this he had written one or two things in rhymed couplets, a preface to Lovelace's "Lucasta" a copy of verses on Lord Hastings' death, full of wit, and with lines here and there that haunt the memory, like—

Go stand between the morning and the  
flowers;

and in 1650 was composed the "Horatian Ode;" but whether any of the lyrics in octosyllables are of an earlier date than these cannot be determined. It will be best, then, to waive all question of chronological precedence, and look at the poems in groups according to their subject. But a word may first be said about the poet's models. He had two; we might call them his good and bad angels. They were John Milton, whose volume of lyrics appeared in 1645, and John Donne, whose poems were not printed during his lifetime, but were widely circulated in manuscript. Donne, one of the most remarkable among seventeenth-century Englishmen of genius, had one of the greatest poetical virtues and two of the greatest poetical vices. His virtue was passion, intensity; his vices were a too cavalier indifference to accent, and a

love of quaint and extravagant conceits. Marvell is the pupil of his intensity, and to a certain degree of his extravagance; but he was saved from his careless writing by the study of Milton. The best example of Marvell's work in the manner of Donne is the lyric entitled "The Fair Singer." The breathless haste of the rhythm, and the absence of any pause except at the end of the lines, are studied after that master; so is the ingenuity of the idea. The first line of the poem, "To make a final conquest of all me," is Donne pure and simple. But even in this poem there is a regularity of measure which betrays the influence of the other school, that of Ben Johnson and Milton:

I could have fled from one but singly  
fair;  
My disentangled soul itself might  
save,  
Breaking the curled trammels of her  
hair;  
But how should I avoid to be her  
slave  
Whose subtle art invisibly can  
wreath  
My fetters of the very air I breathe!

Of the fantastic and forced images that Marvell copied from Donne it will suffice to offer a single example. In the "Dialogue between the Soul and the Body" he makes the body say:

O who shall me deliver whole  
From bonds of this tyrannic soul,  
Which stretched upright impales me  
so  
That mine own precipice I go!

The poem called "Eyes and Tears," which is full of the same sort of thing, is, I suspect, an exercise, the inspiration of which may be traced to the appearance of Crashaw's poem of "The Weeper" in his volume of 1646. As a rule, Marvell's humor saved him from the worst banalities of this school; as a rule, also, he keeps his fantastic

*tours de force* for semi-humorous passages, and often uses these, by way of contrast, to heighten the outburst of passion that follows. Thus, in the poem "Upon Appleton House," he compares Fairfax's garden to a fort:

See how the flowers, as at parade,  
Under their colors stand displayed;  
Each regiment in order grows,  
That of the tulip, pink and rose.  
But when the vigilant patrol  
Of stars walks round about the pole,  
The leaves that to the stalks are curled  
Seem to their staves the ensigns furled.  
Then in some flower's beloved hut,  
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,  
And sleeps so too; but if once stirred,  
She runs you through, nor asks the word.

And then, while the reader is still smiling, he finds himself in the midst of a passionate apostrophe to England:

Oh, thou, that dear and happy isle,  
The garden of the world erewhile,  
Thou Paradise of the four seas  
Which Heaven planted us to please;  
But to exclude the world, did guard  
With watery, if not flaming, sword—  
What luckless apple did we taste  
To make us mortal, and thee waste?

The influence of Milton may be traced in the fine sense of form generally, and, in particular, in the use of the octosyllable couplet. Occasionally we seem to hear an echo of Milton's airy grace, as in the couplet:

Near this a fountain's liquid bell  
Tinkles within the concave shell.

But this is only occasional. Marvell is much more rigid in his rhythms than Milton, and he never attained to Milton's simplicity. That he had read him with care is evident; and there are a few direct reminiscences in the "First Anniversary," such as the phrase "beaked promontories," and the lines—

the dragon's tall  
Swindges the volumes of its horrid  
flail,

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and

Unto the kingdom blest of peace and love.

A more interesting reminiscence is the line in "The Garden"—

Waves in its plumes the various light,  
which is certainly an echo of the difficult line in "Il Penseroso,"

Waves at his wings in aery stream,

though it throws no light upon its interpretation. But too much must not be made of these imitations. After all, Milton was Milton, and Marvell was Marvell; and what survives to charm us in Marvell is what he gives us of his own. Let me briefly summarize some of the elements in this charm.

The first quality to strike a reader who takes up Marvell's book is his extraordinary terseness. Look, for example, at the poem with which the only good modern edition, that of Mr. G. A. Aitken, opens, "Appleton House." The poet wishes to praise the house for not being too big, like most country-houses of the time, and this is how he does it:

Within this sober frame expect  
Work of no foreign architect,  
That unto caves the quarries drew,  
And forests did to pastures hew.

If this were "transposed," it would have to run something as follows: "Our boasted Italian architects make houses so huge that by drawing the stone for them they hollow out quarries into caves, and cut down whole forests for timber so that they become pastures." As a part of the same skill it is remarkable in how few strokes he can paint a picture. In this same poem, describing a copse, he says:

Dark all without it knits; within  
It opens passable and thin,

which gives exactly the difference of

impression from without and upon entering. A second notable quality in Marvell's verse is its sensuousness, its wide and deep enjoyment of the world of sense. "The Garden," which everybody knows, may stand as the best example of this quality—

Stumbling on melons as I pass  
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Marvell is the laureate of grass, and of greenery. A third excellent quality is his humor, to which I have already referred, sometimes showing itself as intellectual wit, or as irony or sarcasm. Still keeping to "Appleton House," one may notice the ingenuity of the suggestion of Fairfax's generosity—

A stately frontispiece of *poor*  
Adorns without the open door,

or the deprecation of over-large houses:

What need of all this marble crust  
To impark thy wanton mole of dust;  
That thinks by breadth the world to unite,  
'Tho' the first builders failed in height.

Once or twice the humor runs to coarseness when it allies itself with the bitter Puritanism of the time, as in the picture of the nuns defending their house:

Some to the breach against their foes  
Their wooden saints in vain oppose;  
Another bolder stands at push,  
With their old holy-water brush.

But most characteristic of all the qualities of Marvell's verse is what Lamb well spoke of as his "witty delicacy"—his delicate invention. The shining and unapproachable instances of this delicacy are "The Nymph complaining for the death of her Fawn" and "The picture of little T.C." The former of these pieces is often hyperbolic in fancy, but the hyperbole fits the pastoral remoteness of the setting; the sec-

ond needs not even this apology. It is a masterpiece in a *genre* where masterpieces are rare, though attempts are not infrequent. Prior, Waller and Sedley have tried the theme with a certain success, but their pieces lack the romantic note. "The Picture of Little T.C." has this to perfection; it has not a weak line in it, and moves through its five stanzas, each more exquisite than the last, to its admirably mock-serious close:

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing  
Itself does at thy beauty charm,  
Reform the errors of the spring;  
Make that the tulips may have share  
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;  
And roses of their thorns disarm;  
But most procure  
That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,  
Whom Nature courts with fruit and flowers,  
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds;  
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime  
To kill her infants in their prime,  
Do quickly make the example yours;  
And ere we see,  
Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

One other quality of Marvell's lyrical writing remains to be noticed, which is somewhat difficult to fix with a name, unless we call it *gusto*. We imagine him smiling to himself as he writes, smiling at his own fancies, or his own sensuousness, or happy turns. He wrote, we are sure, for his own pleasure quite as much as for ours. I remember the remark being made to me that "The Bermudas," for a religious poem, went pretty far in the way of self-indulgence. And so it does. Lastly, it cannot fail to be noted that Marvell was an artist, with an artist's love of making experiments. Perhaps he never attained perfect facility, but he is never amateurish.

Among the various groups into which his lyrical poetry divides itself, the



least satisfactory is that whose theme is love. Marvell's love-poetry has, with the exception of one piece, as little passion as Cowley's, while it is as full of conceits. "The Unfortunate Lover" is probably the worst love-poem ever written by a man of genius. "The Definition of Love" is merely a study after Donne's "Valediction." Cleverer and more original, and somewhat more successful, is "The Gallery." The two opposite sides of one long picture-gallery into which the chambers of his heart have been thrown by breaking down partitions are supposed to be covered with portraits of his lady. On the one side she is drawn in such characters as Aurora and Venus; on the other as an enchanter and a murderess.

Marvell was the friend of Milton, and one conjectures that, like his respected friend, he also may have had theories as to the true relation of these sexes which interfered with the spontaneous expression of feeling. There is, nevertheless, one poem in which passion is allowed to take its most natural path, although even in it one feels that the poet is expressing the passion of the human race rather than his own individual feeling; and the passion being, as often in Marvell, masked and heightened by his wit, the effect is singularly striking; indeed, as a love-poem "To his Coy Mistress" is unique. It could never be the most popular of Marvell's poems, but for sheer power I should be disposed to rank it higher than anything he ever wrote. He begins with hyperbolic protestations to his mistress of the slow and solemn state with which their wooing should be conducted, if only time and space were their servants and not their masters.

Had we but world enough and time,  
This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
We would sit down and think which  
way  
To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side

Should'st rubies find: I by the tide  
Of Humber would complain. I would  
Love you ten years before the flood,  
And you should, if you please, refuse  
Till the conversion of the Jews.

Each beauty also of face and feature  
should have its special and age-long  
praise—

*But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;  
And yonder all before us lie  
Deserts of vast eternity.*

The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none I think do there embrace.

A second division of Marvell's lyric poetry has for its subject religion. The most curious of the religious poems are the pastorals "Clorinda and Damon," and "Thyrsis and Dorinda." Despite their obvious artificiality I must confess that these poems give me pleasure, perhaps because religious poetry is apt to be shapeless, and these, in point of form, are admirable. It is matter for regret that in the first of the two Marvell should have made the nymph sensual and the swain pious; but the friend of Milton, as I have already suggested, probably shared his low views of the female sex. And then the conversion of the lady is sudden and leaves something to desire in its motive. In "Thyrsis and Dorinda" the two young things talk together so sweetly of Elysium that they drink opium in order to lose no time in getting there. More genuine in feeling, and more religious in the ordinary sense of the word, are two dialogues; one between the "Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," the other between "Soul and Body." The form of the first is noteworthy. The octosyllabic stanzas are alternately unshortened and shortened, the Soul speaking in serious iambs and Pleasure in dancing trochees; and the allurements of sense rise in a well-conceived scale from mere softness through art

up to the pleasures of knowledge. The dialogue between Soul and Body is a brilliant duel, each party accusing the other of his proper woes; and except for the one terrible line I quoted above, the poem is an excellent piece of writing. But religious passion sounds a higher and less artificial strain in a pair of odes, the one "On a Drop of Dew," in which the soul is compared to the dewdrop upon a leaf, which reflects heaven and is reluctant to coalesce with its environment; the other called "The Coronet," an apology for religious poetry on the ground that because it admits art it leaves room for the artist's pride. "The Coronet" is interesting as a study in Herbert's manner, and contains one line of exquisite modesty:

Through every garden, every mead,  
I gather flowers (my fruits are only  
flowers).

But the ode "On a Drop of Dew" is by far the finer. The ideas are evolved after the manner of Donne, but the rhythm is slower and more contemplative:

See how the orient dew,  
Shed from the bosom of the morn  
Into the blowing roses,  
(Yet careless of its mansion new  
For the clear region where'twas born,  
Round in itself incloses;  
And in its little globe's extent  
Frames, as it can, its native element;  
How it the purple flower does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lies;  
But, gazing back upon the skies,  
Shines with a mournful light  
(Like its own tear),  
Because so long divided from the  
sphere.  
Restless it rolls and unsecure,  
Trembling lest it grow impure,  
Till the warm sun pity its pain  
And to the skies exhale it back again.  
So the soul, that drop, that ray  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
(Could it within the human flower be  
seen)

Remembering still its former height  
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms  
green,

And recollecting its own light  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts,  
express

The greater heaven in an heaven  
less.

In how eoy a figure wound  
Every way it turns away,  
So the world excluding round  
Yet receiving in the day.

A third and final division of Marvell's lyrics would comprise his poems upon nature; and here we have Marvell at his best, because here he lets his passion inspire him. Except in Shakespeare, who includes "all thoughts, all passions, all desires" we have but little passion for nature between Chaucer and Marvell; but in Marvell the love for natural beauty is not short of passion. Of course his love is not for wild nature—a feeling which only dates from Gray and Wordsworth—but for the ordinary country scenes:

Fragrant gardens, shady woods,  
Deep meadows and transparent floods;

and for these he brings the eye of a genuine lover and, what is more, of a patient observer. The lines upon "Appleton House" are full of observation. He speaks of the "shining eye" of the "hatching throistle," and has a fine imaginative description of the woodpecker:

He walks still upright from the root  
Measuring the timber with his foot,  
And all the way to keep it clean,  
Doth from the bark the wood-moths  
glean;

He with his beak examines well  
Which fit to stand and which to fell;  
The good he numbers up and hacks  
As if he marked them with the axe;  
But where he, tinkling with his beak,  
Does find the hollow oak to speak,  
That for his building he designs  
And through the tainted sides he  
mines.

In his poem called "The Garden" Marvell has sung a pailnode that for richness of phrasing in its sheer sensuous love of garden delights is perhaps unmatched. At the same time the most devout lover of gardens must agree with Marvell that even in a garden the pleasures of the mind are greater than those of the sense. The poet's thought, as he lies in the shade, can create a garden for himself far more splendid and also imperishable; as indeed, in this poem, it has done:

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure  
less

Withdraws into its happiness;  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance  
find;

Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds and other seas,  
Annihilating all that's made,  
To a green thought in a green shade.  
Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside  
My soul into the boughs does glide:  
There like a bird it sits and sings,  
Then whets and combs its silver  
wings,

And, till prepared for further flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Next to "The Garden" as a descriptive poem must rank the "Bermudas." Marvell's "Bermudas" are not "still vexed" like Shakespeare's but an earthly Paradise. His interest in these islands arose from meeting at Eton, while he was there as tutor to a ward of Cromwell's, a certain John Oxenbridge, who had been one of the exiles thither for conscience sake. The poem is built upon the same plan as "The Garden;" first, the sensuous delights are described as no one but Marvell could describe them:

He hangs in shades the orange bright  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranate close  
Jewels more rich than Ormuz shows;

He makes the figs our mouths to meet  
And throws the melons at our feet  
But apples [*i.e.*, pine-apples] plants of  
such a price  
No tree could ever bear them twice.

And then he passes on, though in this case it must be allowed with much less effect, to the spiritual advantages of the place. We may note in passing that Mr. Palgrave in his "Golden Treasury" has taken the extraordinary liberty of altering the arrangement of some of the early lines, perhaps through not understanding their construction as they stand. In the folio and all the early editions the lines run as follows:

What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze,  
Unto an isle so long unknown  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters  
wracks  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
He lands us on a grassy stage  
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

Mr. Palgrave prints lines 5 and 6 before lines 3 and 4, thereby breaking up the arrangement of the lines into quatrains, apparently not seeing that "where" is equivalent to "whereas," and that the safety of the exiles is contrasted with the wrecking of the sea-monsters. But to have introduced Marvell's verse to so wide a public should atone to the poet's *manes* for such an injury; especially as the "Puck" which sits ever upon the pen of commentators has already avenged it by making Mr. Palgrave append to the poem the following note: "Emigrants supposed to be driven towards America by the government of Charles I." There is no hint in the poem that the "small boat" was bringing the emigrants across the Atlantic, or that they were describing the newly-discovered islands by the gift of prophecy.

Of the patriotic verse, which in its own way is full of interest, it is impossible to speak in this paper; except of the one poem which can claim to be a lyric, the "Horatian ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland." As was said above, this ode was first published in Captain Thompson's edition, and so must take its stand as Marvell's only by the weight of internal evidence. But that evidence is conspicuous in every line. The poem runs on in a somewhat meandering and self-indulgent course, like all Marvell's longer poems. But many details are recognizably in Marvell's vein. The stroke of cleverness about King Charles's head being as lucky as that which was found when they were digging the foundations of Rome, and the fun he pokes at the Scotch and Irish are certainly Marvell. So is the view taken that Cromwell made a great sacrifice in renouncing a private life, which we get also in Marvell's prose; so is the touch about Cromwell's garden:

where  
He lived reserved and austere,  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot.)

So also is the remarkable detachment from political prejudice, of which the verses prefixed to the cavalier poet Lovelace's "Lucasta," about the same date, afford another instance, a detachment that would have been impossible for the author of "Lycidas." Even

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now, in an age which boasts of its tolerant spirit, it gives one a shock to remember that the stanzas about Charles, which present the very image of the cavalier saint and martyr, come in a poem to the honor and glory of the man to whom he owed his death:

He nothing common did, or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;  
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

These two stanzas are now the only part of the ode that is remembered, and with justice; for the rest of the poem, although in form and spirit it is Horatian, yet it has little of the *curiosa felicitas* of Horace's diction to make it memorable. But in these two stanzas the diction has attained to the happiness of consummated simplicity. They recall the two stanzas at the close of the fifth ode in the third book in which Horace draws a picture of the martyred Regulus:

Atque sciebat, quæsi sibi barbarus  
Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen  
Dimovit obstantes propinquos,  
Et populum relictus morantem,  
Quam si clientum longa negotia  
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,  
Tendens Venafranum in agros  
Aut Lacédæmonium Tarentum.

H. C. Beeching.

## AN ERSTWHILE OWNER OF THE LAND.

### I.

Nearer and still nearer drew the sound of the dirge as it rose and fell fitfully on the quiet morning air; the people were carrying their dead chief to his last resting-place, and the old

piper of the race was playing as he never played before, and would never play again, the "Lament for the Dead."

The road, starting from the sea, wound its tortuous, narrow way into the hills—a gray streak twisting brokenly through the glen. Here and there

it lost itself in patches of grass and moss, from which it emerged in wheel-eaten ruts and hollows, decaying traces of the forgotten wayfarers of a by-gone day. Rank heather, stretching from its bed in the moorland, closed in upon it on both sides, and the peat-mosses, long since disused, gaped around it like empty graves. It was a still, desolate road, and ghostly as became its purpose, for it was the pathway by which men were borne to their home among the hills.

There was a time—but the old people became weary in trying to remember exactly when—that it was in use for the service of the living as well. But that was only a memory—the memory of a time when people dwelt in the glens, and the gaping mosses dispensed fuel to cheerful hearth fires. Merely a memory; and even now, as the procession moved its slow length across the deserted country-side, some beautiful hinds came into half view on the skyline, and gazed long and wonderingly down, wishful to know what evil the fitful wall and long black line of slow-moving men could mean. For the mossland solitude was all their own, and a people bitterly sorrowful had been moved into other lands, so that the peace of the red deer in that land of loneliness might the less be disturbed. A desolate and a ghostly road truly, and not so long ago had shrouded figures been told of by belated travellers who chanced to pass as night was falling through the glen; shrouded figures and the sound of phantom pipes—a sound at all times of evil import to the dead man's race; and the day had now come when the shadowy portents were fulfilled; the island grave was ready for its new tenant, and the old piper of an old race was playing his dead chief home.

## II.

From no lofty mansion had the one-

time owner of the hills and glens, who was passing in such lowly state to his rest, been carried in the early morning. A dwelling, in extent little more than a cottage, at one time barely a fitting keeper's lodge for the once powerful heads of a proud family, served instead of the old castle. It lay down in a hollow, and the thick wood of birch and hazel on the adjoining hill-side effectually hid from view the gray, weather-beaten turrets of the home of his fathers. Chief and overlord indeed had he been to the dwellers in the glen, and to all who bore his name, but chief and overlord in name only. Years before, hill by hill, strath by strath, and river by river had slipped for ever from his grasp, and the money equivalent went to pay off some old debt.

It was a scene never to be forgotten, that which took place long ago in the darkened library, when, pale from the shock of a first revelation, the young heir learned that the shadow of an old obligation hung over the memory of his dead father's good name.

"All debts—of—of honor have—been discharged," the old family lawyer muttered deprecatingly, as he stood in affright by his young chief's side, and heard the quivering command for an immediate sale.

"Debts of honor!" he had cried, in the bitter humor of his honor. "All debts are debts of honor, and this one will be discharged, even if the old place has to go."

"And it had to go," he was wont to conclude pathetically, when in later years, sadly proud of his feat, he told the story—"every stick and stone of it, except Eilan Ianan." Eilan Ianan was the island burial-place of his race.

In the days of his youth he had served his king, and a small pension, and some kingly honor for soldiering well done, rewarded the close of his career. It was that desolate home hunger that caused him, on the dismal

settling-day when the title-deeds of his family were formally handed over to the new proprietor, to reserve to himself a life lease of the little house lying in the shadow and almost nestling against the walls of the home of his fathers.

"When the day will come that the banner shall wave from the House of Turrets, when it should meet the winds at the cottage door, then shall the end of thy race draw near." Prophetic was the utterance of the aged seer spoken long ago, and the words passed with a laugh of believing disbelief from father to son, groped their dim way through the darkness of centuries, until now they stood out in ghostly clearness and full of meaning. His line would end with his life, and then the little lease, the final bond between him and his land, would return to the granter of it, the last noiseless ripple to mark for a brief moment of time the spot where a stately ship had gone down.

The fashion of an old-world courtesy made him diffident of intruding himself upon the presence of the new owner of the land; not for worlds would he have people know that his heart was full of the old place, and not for worlds would he have the new proprietor think that it was in his thoughts at all. On occasions more than one he had been met wandering uneasily by the gateways of the park, gazing surreptitiously at the enclosed trees, waving their outstretched branches with noisy murmur, as if garrulously welcoming him back; and he had been seen to stoop down and replace a stone which had fallen from its place in the gray stone wall, and then move away hurriedly as if he had done an evil thing and something in which there was shame.

The people knew him and him only by the name of the land—that title dearest of all to the northern ear. He was a just man, and punctilious at all times concerning the feelings and

rights of others, yet he could not bring himself to abrogate entirely his claim to his own territorial designation; and at some meeting of his class one day, when, in the noise and bustle that characterize a gathering of men, he heard the old land name called, he turned round instinctively in response, and learned that he had made a mistake, that it was the new proprietor that was meant, a kindly Englishman, who turned away with a rare courtesy from the pained confusion of the old chief. It was his last "adsum" in public in answer to the old name; and men noted his apathy to all things from that time, and spoke of him as falling.

### III.

In the days when the land belonged to his father, and he was his father's heir, it was the falling night that drove him home to the House of Turrets—so the people had it in their expressive Gaelic speech—from the river, moor, or corry. The river was a grand one, a stream of deep linns whereinto the water fell with a dull roar, a sound which causes the angler to quicken his pace when it distantly falls upon his ears for the first time as he makes his way to fish on unknown waters. Who of mortals has not felt the tingling of the blood calling in answer to that glorious tumult, while the river itself is yet unseen! The still roar of the flood in the glen, with its suggestion of silvery salmon kings rolling about in dark volumes of deep waters; a fateful sound to the angler, and a noble prelude to the battle royal which will ensue ere the coming of night.

The river passed behind his cottage, hidden by the little hill with its dense covering of birch and hazel, but the dull satisfying roar was ever in his ears. A time came, however, when he seemed to hear the sound differently; not at once, but gradually did the con-



scelusness come to him that there was a change, some suggestion of hardness, a thin scrappiness, almost as if something had given way.

Up the glen, where two hills clasped between them the mountain loch in which the river had its birth, workmen had been busy for weeks before he was aware of it; their mission was to dam the flow, and add an increase to the natural dimensions of the lake; and as a set-off to the artificers of science, a salmon ladder was being built for the fish, and the grand old river was being spoiled for all time, with much labor, and at great cost. Hence the cry of pain from the waters, and it found an echo in the heart of their old owner. Again and again did he visit the scene of destructive operations, incredulous and in grief; and it goes far to indicate his deep sense of the injury being done, that he made an almost impassioned appeal to the new proprietor, pointing out in nervous language how that the new scheme would destroy for all time the grand natural advantages of the river. But the courteous reply spoke of the opinion of experts in technical terms and with scientific precision, and the old chief dashed the letter to the ground and strode away up the glen, to view with grief and sorrowful dismay the coming destruction which he was powerless to avert.

"Will no one interfere?" he cried to a neighboring proprietor, who was standing by, thinking his thoughts to himself, and critically examining the operations the while. "Can yon not tell him how damnable is the ruin, for the sake—the sake—" but the neighbor, with a shoulder-shrugging movement, raised his eyebrows, and having his hands at his back, moved away from the trembling vehemence, which was all too indicative of possible tears. For the chief was an old man, and he was at that moment very sorrowful. So the river was spoiled, and the thin,

scrappy sound is there until this day, and only very old men can now tell of the salmon that used to be.

The window of his little library—it was a rare combination of gun-room, smoking-room, old curiosity shop, and library—looked out upon the valley, at the farther end of which the river rolled and tumbled its way to the sea; and from that window one autumn night he looked out upon the nearer hills proclaiming their fiery allegiance to the new heir of the new line who was come of age. Far up into the clear night sky shot the bonfire flame, and he sat very still in the dim darkness of the little room, keeping watch until the last live ash served to send a glimmer of light to the valley below. The shouts of the revellers, clamorous inspirations of a rejoicing people, fell upon his ears unheeded; his whole being was centred on the unsteady tongues of flame away on the hill-tops, singing in silence the death-song of his race. Never before had the land which bore his name, the land of his fathers, seemed so dear to him, and never before had his old soldier-servant dared to intrude by speech his sympathy on his master's ear; but the occasion was too bitter, the reality too vividly and dramatically brought before him, and he was led away, stumbling heavily through the unlit room, and striving to stifle as best he could the pent-up sobs of an old sorrow at last broken from all control. As two little children did those two old men move from the scene, the last of the old family, and the last of the old people. "Ellan Ianan—Ellan Ianan—home, home,"—and as the evening sun was setting on the following autumn day, the people rejoicing in the valley below, sleepily mirthful because of their exertions overnight, stopped abruptly when they heard the news; and a hand was placed hurriedly upon the mouth of the singer of the song in honor

of the new heir of the new line, and the words of the half verse died away in his throat. For the lease of the house on the hill was run out, and in all the bleak majesty of death the last heir of the old line was lying. At last would he have of the land, his own loved land,

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

even as much as his forefathers had, and all debts, debts of any kind, and debts of honor, nobly discharged.

And so the old piper of an old race, moving sadly, played his dead chief home.

*A. B. Fletcher.*

### EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL MINDS.

A French society has created at Longchamps a kind of school of experiment on the mental powers of different kinds of animal. According to a correspondent of the "Daily Mail," the tests of their reasoning powers are to be witnessed by as many subscribers as possible, probably to avoid anything like unduly personal bias in judging the results. But the idea is rather comical. There is to be a circus or arena, into which the animal to whom the mental conundrums are to be set will be introduced. Around it are seats for four hundred members, who will watch with French enthusiasm, but scientific self-restraint, the puzzled fox contriving shifts to drink out of a deep vessel, and the thoughtful efforts of the crane to eat soup from a shallow one. That at least is the form which the first experiments took. A lion was given some meat shut up in a box with a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company. Had they read of the ingenious way in which an East African lion extracts passengers from sleeping-cars, like winkles from their shells, they would perhaps have been less surprised. The Longchamps lion was unanimously voted to have acted "reasonably," and some monkeys, to which a rather more complicated task was set, also came out of the examination with flying colors. If the right class

of French inquirer takes up this subject, and has the assistance of a society, a stock of creatures to use in experiments, and convenient places to make them in, much may be hoped from such an inquiry into the reasoning powers of animals. France has always possessed a few minds exceptionally gifted in true discernment of animal minds, even though they differed as much in their way of accounting for the origin of such intelligence as did M. de Buffon and M. Georges Leroy. They are also very successful in rearing and acclimatizing foreign animals, of which there is quite a large "salted" stock in France at present, born and bred in the country. M. Pays Mellier has perhaps the best of all Continental Paradises in his park at La Pataudière, in which all kinds of ruminants run at liberty, and his keepers are followed by a tame wombat, which trots round after them when visiting the pheasants like a good-tempered dog.

If animals can be borrowed from these collections, in which they have grown up with little fear of man, and are not disinclined to feed and go through their ordinary daily life before strangers, it would be possible to collect a body of positive evidence, first, of inductive reasoning in animals, and secondly, by applying where possible the same tests to different species, of the comparative intelligence of different species. If the latter series of tests

could be carried out at all successfully the results might well prove surprising. There is little doubt, for instance, that the goat, some species of deer, and the common seal would be found to be endowed with considerably more brain power than is generally attributed to them. Female deer, when brought up by hand, often show quite astonishing intelligence, as do the males until they become vicious, which they always do. The stag which used to climb the barrack stairs, go out on to the outside gallery, and knock at the doors of the married quarters, which were the only place where milk, of which he was particularly fond, was delivered in the morning, is only one instance in many of their cleverness.

The society will first have to draw up or settle on a series of examination papers or tests for the involuntary subjects. The position is rather an odd one, for they will not be trying to teach the animals anything, but only to find out what the animals know, how far they have the power of reasoning, and what is the process or means by which they overcome a difficulty. "Elementary questions" might begin in this way:—(1) Choice, and the solving of difficulties caused by the possibility of choosing more than one course of action to obtain the same end; (2) mechanical difficulties, and animal means of overcoming them; (3) questions of number, and animal degrees of sensitiveness to numbers. Such experiments are naturally difficult. The society will feel in the same dilemma as the War Office in gauging the real brains and efficiency of officers, which could only be done by watching their behavior in actual emergencies. But it is not necessary to employ and observe only large animals. Brains do not in the least depend on size, and there is plenty of opportunity of obtaining interesting results from experiments with the smaller races. In the tests of reason used

in choice—perhaps they had better be called dilemmas—the rat, the dog, the raven and the otter might usefully be allowed to compete. Some experiments easily tried are the following:—Give a tame black-and-white rat a large cherry. This he will seize with his paws and then take in his mouth and hold on to it like a bulldog. Then quickly offer him another. Being an Egyptian rat, and in the experience of his species never having forgotten the famine in Joseph's time, he is always afraid of another, and so is painfully anxious to secure both cherries at once, and carry them off to hide in his bed. As he has only room in his mouth for one cherry, the problem is to see how he manages it. The answer should, of course, not be published here. The dog has the same problem presented to him when out shooting occasionally, when a small retriever has two running birds to pick up, and cannot bring both. The foolish, idiotic dogs (the majority) first pick one up, then drop it, pick up the other, bring that, and lose the first. Very clever dogs carry the first bird up to the second, rush at that, smother it with their paws, and holding the first in their mouths, wait to see what will happen next. Dogs of a coldly calculating turn kill the first bird, drop it, pick up the live one, and take it to their master, and then fetch the dead one. A question suggested for otters and not yet solved is to put two otters and one active fish in a tank with an obstacle partly crossing the tank, through which the fish can pass and the otter cannot. Would one otter block the hole while the other chased the fish? The raven should be made the subject of experiments in number. His passion for hiding treasures ought to be usefully exploited in this direction. It would be easy enough to arrange for one to steal and hide teacups or some other object of *vertu*, and then observe whether he felt any chagrin at the ab-

straction of any of them. One of the easiest "obstacle" problems is that of drawing some object which the animal wishes for through a set of bars or wires. This is a common difficulty in the daily life of captive animals, and one in which it would be quite easy to note their respective shifts and devices. The cleverest mode of coping with a difficulty somewhat of this nature now exhibited by any animal in London is the way in which the large African elephant at the "Zoo" restores to his would-be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and *blows* them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because if the biscuit does not travel well he gives it a harder blow.

The ideal result of some years of inquiry pursued by a properly equipped society into the subject of animal intelligence would be to grade species in reference to the development of reason, from those mere cells in which an enthusiastic experimentalist once declared he had detected evidence of choice (in which he afterwards honestly acknowledged that he was mistaken) to the creatures which form general ideas and make deductions from them. That there are hundreds of species which do this, or rather in which most individuals do this, after making the general conclusions in their own lifetime, we have no doubt whatever. It is evident even from their mistakes. Nordenskiöld found that the white bears generally went through a long performance of stalking his sailors, clearly on the mistaken conclusion that

they were seals. As the men were clothed partly in sealskin, it was a very natural mistake. But the interest of the story lies in the generalization made by the bear. The bear said: "There are two or three seals, one standing up on its flippers in a very unusual way. I will therefore stalk them unseen as long as I can, and when they see me pretend to be doing something else." So the men, with their guns and lances, who wanted to shoot the bear, had the pleasure of seeing him carefully crawling behind rocks and ice hummocks, making long détours this way and that, and every now and then clambering up a rock and peeping cautiously over to see if the seals had gone. On the open snow the bear would saunter off in another direction, and then, falling flat, push himself along on his belly, with his great front paws covering his black muzzle, the only thing not matching the snow about him. Just as the bear thought he had got his "seal," the latter fired and shot him, a victim of false analogy. It is unfortunate that many of the best instances of animal action on reasonable premises are not likely to be reproduced on the stage of the French society's "circus." These are the actions of animals either pursuing or pursued. Many of these exhibit a knowledge of facts very little known to the majority of mankind, such as of the places where scent lies or is obliterated, and of the effects of wind in carrying evidence of their presence to the pursuer. The hunted roe or hare will make circles, double on its own tracks, and take to water or fling itself for a considerable distance through the air as cleverly as if it had read up all the theory of scent in a book.

# The Living Age.—Supplement.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON.\*

(To John G. Whittier.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 3, 1874.

Dearly Beloved: Mr. Gillette was here yesterday and engaged me to lure you to Hartford, but I said I would not. I had lured you to Hamilton, and the result was that you were always running in upon me at odd hours, breaking up my time, consuming all the eggs intended for breakfast, interfering with my visitors, and being generally disagreeable. He put on a long face, and said that being the case he should not press the invitation, as their patience was not like mine, inexhaustible. Now if you refer to him you will find this a verbatim report of the conversation—nothing extenuate nor set down in malice. . . . I have your last living picture transferred from Hamilton, and standing before me on my mantle-piece—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. You know, you know you are handsome; that is what spoils you and makes you take on airs and stay at home all the time, because no one else's house is good enough for you. . . . The Woman's Congress has been in session here, and some of them called. Mrs. Burr of Hartford, rather horrid; Lillie Devereaux Blake, rather horrid, too, descended perpendicularly from Jonathan Edwards—think of that, Master

Brooke. Miss Phæbe Cozzens, quite bright and handsome, and dressed like other folks, which is an excellent thing in women, has graduated at law school, but does not practise much, because she likes lecturing better, and does not like to come in contact with the court circles. John Whittier, don't you see how that upsets the dish completely? The Boston Jews have no dealings, I believe, with the New York Samaritans. Gen. Pope is here with his wife, a great little girl, fresh and handsome and attractive; and Mr. Rothery, the English fish-erman, tall and gushing and full of talk and love of talk, very nice; and his little Scotch wife, gentle and bright and charming—and, O my dear, Washington is just full of stacks of people, any one of whom would drive Amesbury and Hamilton wild! There is no place like it, and nobody like you, only yours always,

M. A. D.

March 13, 1874.

I have just returned from the funeral of Charles Sumner at the Senate Chamber. The body was lying in the rotunda. There was a procession or file three or four deep extending from the coffin around the outer circle to the door, waiting to take a farewell look. As we were with a Senator we were allowed to cross directly to the coffin without waiting. It was loaded with flowers. The face was far more natu-

\* *Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters*. Edited by H. Augusta Dodge. 2 vols. Copyright, 1901. Lee & Shepard. Price \$5.

ral than I feared to find it. We went immediately into the Senate Gallery, where I had a front seat by Mrs. Senator Kelly of Oregon and a perfect view of all the proceedings. What met the eye was very impressive—what met the ear was less so. Nothing of the latter was so forceful to me as the subdued manner in which the unanimous *Ay!* was pronounced by the Senators when the few motions of adjournment were put. The Senators and M.C.'s were all in badges of mourning. The Speaker and the escort wore broad white silk scarfs across the shoulder and breast, falling behind. When the President *pro tem* announced "the House of Representatives," all the Senators arose. Mr. Blaine and the clerk, Mr. McPherson, headed the procession. Mr. Blaine's look and bearing were very fine. He is always dignified upon occasion, being naturally so. He mounted to the side of the President of the Senate and the House filed in, then the Chief Justice and the Associate Judges of the Supreme-Court were announced and walked in with their floating heavy silk gowns, then "the President and the Cabinet." The poor President never can have any dignity to show; whatever else he may be, he is a poor figure-head, and he shuffled in head down, and took his seat, and then, preceded by the ministers and the pallbearers, Charles Sumner came into the Senate Chamber for the last time. As I looked down from the gallery I could see the lower part of his face and his folded hands. The greatness was in the man and nothing could diminish aught thereof, but Dr. S.'s minute figure and voice and soul did what they could, I suppose, and Sumner lay there undisturbed and grand. When "the Senate of the United States consigns the body of Charles Sumner to the Sergeant at Arms, etc.," Carpenter's words were good, though his manner was not weighty. I could not help thinking

how Sumner's own voice would have spoken like the voice of an archangel. Then they filed out as they had filed in, except the President, who slipped through a side door followed by the Cabinet. I suppose you heard that a great man had fallen in Israel almost as soon as we did. A servant came up and told us that Mr. Sumner had been sick all night and was thought to be dying. From time to time reports of his death came, but they proved to be false till the last one at about three P. M. In the forenoon he lay with his eyes closed, the muscles of his face much contracted as if he suffered, breathing hardly and every now and then clutching his breast over his heart. They sent for Carl Schurz quite early in the morning. He went over, stayed awhile, then came back and told his wife it seemed so sad to have no woman there, he wished she would go over, and she went back with him directly. They found the parlor below full of black women crying, the only white person being Dr. Mary Walker, walking around in her infernal old trousers. Before Mrs. Schurz's arrival so many gentlemen had come down from the Capitol that it was not thought best for her to enter the room and she went home again. Mr. Hooper and Judge Hoar were in close attendance. Crowds, many of them colored people, surrounded the house during the day. One of the most touching sights to-day was the long procession of colored men, shabby, but all decent, five deep, following immediately after the hearse to the station, of their own free will and gratitude. Do you remember that almost his last words, often repeated, were "I am so tired, I want rest." Mr. Hoar said his brother, looking over his papers after death, found one of his earliest papers, a college oration for aught I know, which said how should a man have rest or why should a man ask rest except in



the grave. Sumner was in the Senate only the day before he died—remaining long enough to be present at the presentation of the vote rescinding his censure. Won't Whittier be glad? I suppose it was chiefly owing to him that the censure was taken back.

January 27, 1876.

I will tell you one thing the President said. He had Gen. Sherman's book, read to the beginning of the war, had to lay it aside then till he got to Long Branch. Meanwhile the critics got hold of it and belabored it. He was angry with Sherman, for he loves him better than any one in the world perhaps, sat down at length to read it with pen and paper before him, determined to make a note of every inaccuracy, and have it out with Sherman. Result, he did not make a note! The narrative and statements were unexceptionable. Miss —, the Rev.'s daughter, is to dine with us next Monday. I have only had a glimpse of her, and she seemed a little prunes-and-prisms sort of woman, Boston to the death. I believe she is very learned, but so is our blonde, who is neither prunes nor prisms.

May 8, 1876.

Mrs. Fish has been to Mrs. Grant's to help her receive Dom Pedro. He had requested the President to receive him in morning dress, as he wished to wear one himself, which I think was an impertinence, as it was for the President to say how he should dress. The Emperor wore the clothes he left Brazil in, and he must have worn his necktie from California—clumsy and awry, with a good deal of his shirt exposed. Mr. Fish was both amused and indignant at Dom P.'s reception of himself. The minister, Borges, had accepted the program, and the Emperor should have felt himself bound to it. Even Mr. Fish's short speech he kept

interrupting him. His man said he spoke English, but people did not usually understand him. Mr. Fish was very cool when Borges said Dom Pedro would visit the President on the 8th of May. Mr. Fish said doubtless the President would be glad to see him if he were at home. How would he come, as Emperor or private citizen? As a distinguished citizen of Brazil. Mr. Fish said the President was not in the habit of making an appointment with private citizens, and at last Borges had to ask especially for a reception, when, of course, it was granted.

March 8, 1878.

I suppose you think that if you had put your note in the Boston papers, injustice would come to a perpetual end. Don't flatter yourself. One of the strongest presumptions of a future life is the perpetuation of injustice in this. There is nothing in the world to prove that its Maker is a just if an Omnipotent God. I have no doubt He is, but it needs another life to demonstrate it. My utmost stretch of faith is to postpone judgment. . . . The newspapers are great misleaders of public opinion. They are somewhat accurate, but you need a revelation from Heaven to know when. I went to see Lotta in "Musette" Saturday. She is the most amusing little thing that ever was, acts the little fourteen-year old romp to perfection in gingham sunbonnet and real old-fashioned *tyer*. They say she is as nice a lady as there is in the country. Saturday P.M. we had to dinner the Chief Justice, Senator Edmunds, with whom I went out, Whitelaw Reid of the "N. Y. Tribune," Gen. Sherman, Sec. of War McCrary, Mr. Phelps, Dr. Loring, Mr. R. and Senator Allison. I had talked a good deal with Mr. Robeson about my barn, and he had drawn me a plan of his own at Long Branch, and spoke of it again at table, and Sen.

Edmunds drew another plan on his dinner-card, and Dr. Loring put in his word, and finally Gen. Sherman said his advice was not to build any barn at all. I told them I was certain of one thing, that no barn could have a more

distinguished building committee than mine, and I told them it was all to come within \$500. They all planned for no barn-cellar. Sen. Edmunds said to have a little pit outside.

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### THE OLD SONGS.\*

They were both silent for a time. At last John broke the spell. "And when is all this to be finished? It cannot go on forever—when will you say of yourself, I am really his?"

She drew herself up, and looked in his face with the clear, steady light in hers that seemed to him always like inspiration. "You recall me to earth again," she said, taking his hand with gentle firmness. "There! now drive with both hands." He obeyed. "I have a bright idea," she said after another moment's silence. "To be sure of the right from some other source than your—Love is blind, you know, and you may be blinded—I know you are, from some things you have said in the last few minutes. No. I say you must drive with both hands."

"And I say, I need but one. Go on with your bright idea."

"Please, John, I will not let you blind me also. There, hold the lines, so—and here is the whip, hold it too. Now listen. I am going to sing for your beautiful old friend to-morrow. I feel that those whose eyes are closed to the world around them have clearer spiritual insight than we have, and that is what we need now, you and I. I could talk with grandfather, or my own sweet mother, but they are both too

nearly interested through their love for me, and the pride I told you of. Mrs. Wells will be able to be just, and if anything will be influenced the other way, through the old-time prejudices, you know—but I think she is so near heaven that even these may have slipped from her."

"What if she decides against me?"

"We will wait."

"But if she says forever? That would be an earthly power coming between us. No, I cannot consent to that."

"Are you sure it would be of this world?"

"You may do it, if you will sing to her first."

"I may not be able to sing for her afterwards."

"Very well, then I am safe. Only then she may say I am not good enough for an angel."

"John, don't be absurd."

"If she decides for me, then what will you do? Will you consider it then as a voice from heaven?"

She did not reply immediately, and he felt her agitation. "See," he said, "how nicely I can manage the little horse with one hand. Now what will you do?"

"What if—I should not be able to put this matter to her in such a way as not to influence her?" she said in an anxious voice.

"Portia," he said softly, "you are

\* When the Gates Lift Up their Heads: A Story of the Seventies. By Payne Erskine. Copyright, 1901. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.

hardly of the earth yourself, my beautiful. I only fear your abnormal conscience will not let you be fair to my cause. Let me put it to her."

"You know you could not do it, John." She freed herself from his touch as before. "You must not hold me like this, no. But I promise you, if I can lay our case before her in a plain enough way, bare of all my heart might plead for you or for me, that I will take her answer as a voice from heaven. What are you doing, John?"

"Turning round."

"I know, but aren't you going to take me home?"

"Not now. I am going to take you to her."

"But they will be at lunch."

"That is nothing. What is eating? I heard you say at the hotel you were not needed at home at this hour—go with me. I can make it all right with Katherine, and her mother will think nothing of it. How can I eat or sleep or rest, if you are going to abide by this, until I know? No, I am only arranging the cover; see, I am obedient. But if I may not touch you, nor even speak what my heart prompts to you, I will look at you and think what thoughts I please."

So once more her lover had his way, and led her up to the blind woman's door just as they were about to sit down to the lunch table. "Will you let two starving fellow-mortals eat with you?" he called cheerily. "I brought Miss Van Ostade here against her will, or rather at my own will, to—to—sing for your mother."

Miss Katherine was delighted. "It is really like the old days ah here again, John," she said, "when people just happened in at any time and we always had company at meals. Ma, here is Miss Van Ostade. John brought her to sing for you after lunch."

"A case of little Tommy Tucker—only

I get my supper first and sing afterwards," said Portia.

"And you are just in time, my dear," said the blind woman, warmly. There was a little tremor in Portia's hands when she clasped them in both her own, and when she took John's arm as he led her out to the table, (she always looked for him to lead her out to meals when he was with them), she noticed the same tremor there.

"Why does your arm tremble?" she said, so quietly that only he heard her.

"Does it? I am a little tired, perhaps. I have been driving, you know."

"Does driving make you tired, a great, strong fellow like you?" She placed her other hand on his, and knew in an instant that the tremor came from the heart, and that she was treading on forbidden ground. She turned her sightless eyes toward him as though she could read the lines of his face, and was silent; but for him, he was even more tender of her than usual, as he gently placed her in her chair, and lifted it with his strong arms to the table.

After lunch Portia sang, while the old lady, leaning back in her chair, closed her eyes and listened. She sang all the songs she could remember, both grave and gay, and John, seated in the doorway with his hands clasped about his knees, listened also. Miss Katherine was busied with her household cares. "Ma" was happy, and she was content.

"I have sung all the songs I know without my music," said Portia at last.

"Ah, don't stop yet. Sing them over again," said the blind woman.

"I will sing some of these," said Portia, selecting from the music lying on the piano some of the songs that had stirred the hearts of the boys in gray to deeds of heroic courage and even desperation. She began one.

"Don't sing that," said John, entering and laying hold of the music.

"Yes, let her. It is good of you, Miss Van Ostade. I like to hear the old songs once more."

"And I am not singing for you, Mr. Marshall. You brought me here to sing for her."

"Yes, sir, and if you do not like them, you can go back North again," said his old friend with a laugh.

He gave one imploring look, but still Portia sang the old songs, and he strolled out and sat on the garden seat where he had sat with Miss Katherine, on that day when the voice he heard now had begun to sing a new song in his heart. "Yes," he said to himself, "I loved her before I saw her, when I sat in the dark, and she sang to me."

When Portia finished, she turned and saw the blind woman leaning back in her chair with closed eyelids, but two tears had escaped, and trembled, one on either cheek. Then Portia went quickly and knelt at her feet, and taking one of the dear old hands, so soft and white, in hers, she kissed it. "Forgive me," she said, "for bringing the past before you and making you sad."

"The sadness is only the remembrance of sorrow that is gone, dear, and the dawn and the opening of the eyes is before me,"—she placed her hand on Portia's head. "Bless you, daughter of the North, and thank you. I love sweet music, and a sweet voice; but in singing the old songs of the boys in gray, you have sung your way deeper into my heart. What have I to forgive?"

Then Portia bowed her head under the gentle touch, and opened her heart to its very depths, to the clear seeing of the blind woman's spirit, and there was silence for a few moments, until Portia spoke again imploringly—

"Tell me what is right. You are wise and true. You see into heaven, as you sit here with your eyes closed to all earthly sights. I have promised John I will abide by what you say. Can love be right when it hurts another? Can

we call it God-given when his mother is cut to the heart by it? Answer these questions for me—I am afraid of them."

"This is a grave question to lay upon me, daughter." She drew Portia closer to her side, and placing one hand on her face, touched her lightly, tracing the contour of her features. "Let me know you this way. I think—" she went on slowly, as Portia turned her face toward her, giving herself into her hands, "I think it is a beautiful face, and I should judge to find here a beautiful soul, as the voice that interprets it to me is beautiful. Why should he not love you?"

"Because his mother hates me. She has the old-time prejudices, and—she had hoped for another choice for him. She is frail, she loves him so—and she is his mother. I have a sense of guilt when I think of the pain we are inflicting. And yet—this—that has come to me—" she covered her face with her hands, "I have let you see into my heart—how can I put it from me? But if it is right, I must. What is right, should be to us as necessity. If she can never be won to love me—you had --you must have had the same prejudices, the hatred of us of the North that she has; you too lost your dearest, more even than she. I sang those songs because I wished—you are so far above most of us—I wished to awaken the old spirit in you if it might be sleeping, and then ask you to judge, with that in your heart, as if John were your own. Could you love me then, and take me as John's wife? Could you be content, and say 'It is right'?"

"That way of judging might satisfy your conscience, but the emotional way would not be the right way. You wish to put it to the severest test, but let us be reasonable. You are of good family, are you not?"

"Yes," said Portia, lifting her head

proudly, "and without stain. My father was of Dutch ancestry, from one of the best families in New York. My mother is descended from a noble Puritan family, of pure English strain; they were ladies and gentlemen, statesmen and scholars, of noble birth. I am proud of my heredity, if I do—"

"It is not what you do; it is what you are. We have learned that lesson here in the South. I see no reason why she should be bitter toward you. The wrong is on her side. John has the right to choose. A man cannot always be subservient to his parents—he could not be and be a man. His mother should respect his manhood."

Portia rose and stood at the window. She saw John pacing the garden-paths, and turning impetuously she knelt

again at the blind woman's feet. "Put your hands on my head once more, and bless me," she said. "I must go to him and tell him quickly; you are right, if I love him, I must put him first. First of all, he must stand in my heart," and once again the old hands were laid on her head in blessing.

Then Portia rose, and bending over the old lady's chair kissed her, and hurried away. She sought for Katherine at the far end of the house, where the stores were kept.

"I am going," she called, with a ring of joy in her voice; "don't come, I will see you this evening. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," called Katherine, "weah the pretty green, remembah."

"Surely I will," called Portia, and was gone.

### A HAIR-CUT.\*

"Now, mind," said Mary, when supper was over and the flock stood ready for flight, "don't forget to thank him, every one of you; and don't scatter hair more'n you can help." She watched the long-haired procession straggling through the gate. "It must be a dreadful trial to Mis' Bush to have 'em around," she said, with a sigh. "But goodness knows how the Street would get along without him."

Aaron Bush was an important personage, especially in the springtime at the annual shearing. Children approached him in fear and excitement, and departed, their heads lighter by ounces than when they came.

"Careful, now," said Elsa, marshalling her forces as they drew near the long, fragrant hedge that hid the house

from the Street. "Don't crowd so. Let Nelson go first."

Nelson stepped proudly to the front.

"And then Sarah—and Hester—and Tommy."

Meekly, single file, they crept along by the hedge, through the open gap and around to the back piazza.

Elsa gave the command to halt. She mounted the steps alone in timid importance, her rattle at the latch bringing some one to the door before she could open it.

"What do you want?" demanded the old lady, peering down sharply.

"We've come to get our hair cut," announced Elsa bravely.

"He's out feedin' the pigs," said the old lady, closing the door.

"Hub, come on," shouted Nelson, seizing the leadership, from the bottom step, and darting in the direction of the barn.

\* A Pillar of Salt. By Jennette Lee. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1:25.

Behind the barn was the pig-pen, and near the pig-pen a tall figure was bending over a pail stirring something with a long stick.

The crowd, at the sight of the figure, slackened its pace. Nelson waited to let Elsa pass him. She came up, breathless, but courageous.

"We've come to get our hair cut," she announced once more.

The figure cocked an eye at her, with a slanting glance toward her following. The stick continued to revolve in the mealy pail.

No one spoke. The stick was withdrawn and rapped sharply on the edge of the pail.

The figure straightened itself and a pair of mild blue eyes, framed in a mass of shaggy hair and a beard, surveyed the agitated crowd.

"I can't be bothered with you young ones to-night, nohow," he said in a querulous voice.

"It's got to be cut. Grampa's come," said Nelson, braced by importance.

"And grandma," piped Sarah.

The giant lifted a perplexed hand to scratch the white hair. "Why didn't you tell me beforehand?" he complained. "I don't see how I can do it, nohow."

"We didn't know about it," said Elsa pleadingly. "They come unexpected."

The giant gave a heavy sigh and seized the stick once more. The meal had settled to the bottom. "I've got to have time to feed my pigs first," he grumbled, stirring rapidly.

Impervious to snubbing, the five mounted the pig-pen, their toes sticking between cracks. They prodded the pigs and threw in dandelions and plantains and grass. They watched the pigs grunt and gobble at the last drop in the trough when the pail had been emptied. Then they followed the big, shambling figure toward the house.

When they reached the piazza Aaron

stood by the open kitchen window washing his hands.

"You ain't goin' to do it to-night, be you?" protested a voice in the dim kitchen.

"Got to," grumbled Aaron, lathering the soap in his big hands. "Their folks have come."

There was a sound of further protest, muffled as it moved from kitchen to pantry. The children waited in palpitating fear. It changed to grateful relief when at last the door opened. In his right hand he held a pair of big shears, and around his neck was tied a huge gingham apron. On his arm he carried a similar apron. Pictures in the big Bible at home floated hazily in Elsa's mind as she gazed at him respectfully.

He brought a high wooden chair from the shed and planted it firmly on the piazza floor. "Who's first?" he demanded.

"Tommy's first," said Elsa.

Nelson scuffed his heels and scowled.

"Don't, Nelson," she whispered pleadingly, as she adjusted the plump legs and helped Aaron to smooth the gingham apron.

Tommy's round face, above the blue and white checks, appeared rounder and more wonder-stricken.

There was a flourish of shears about his head and a howl from his lips.

Elsa flew to the rescue, hovering and protesting.

"You see—you ought to 'a' let me go first," said Nelson, with evil rejoicing.

"He's the littlest," rejoined Elsa fiercely, conscious of mismanagement. "And you're a pig.—There, there, Tommy, he won't hurt you."

Once more the shears clipped and closed. Tommy's mouth opened and shut rapidly, but no sound issued. The crop of thick, dark curls fell silently and encircled him. The others stood, an admiring group, watching Aaron's



scissors as they rounded themselves for the final cropping.

There was a scramble for the soft locks. Nelson produced a piece of string, which was broken into short lengths and distributed, a piece for each tuft. As the shearing went on, the stock of string ran short. But a tuft from each head was carefully gathered up. Later these would be labelled and preserved in collections—a process that insured their disappearance within six weeks.

Through all the excitement Aaron worked with silent, solemn swiftness. He nodded his head in response to the perfunctory "thank you" with which each child slipped from the chair. But he spoke no word. When Sarah, having forgotten her manners and descending rapidly to gather up a share of her locks, was sternly replaced by Elsa to retrieve herself, his face expressed no more and no less than usual.

His work may have been done for love of art or for love of humanity. Other

reward, lacking a sense of humor, he had none.

Mrs. Bush, who had been peeping through the blind slats as the ceremonies drew to a close, appeared with broom and dust-pan. She was less silent than Aaron and less to be feared. There was mild skirmishing for last locks, a final general "thank you" from Elsa, and airy tossing of round, light heads as they drifted through the gap in the hedge.

When the five heads with their strange, new lightness rested at last on as many pillows, and sleep filled them, grandma, bending above them, whispered to Mary, who was holding the light carefully shaded from the faces, "They're fine, healthy children, daughter."

And Mary, with a happier look in her face than had appeared there for many days, whispered softly back, as the light fell on the broad, arching brow of the sleeping girl, "Elsa looks some like you, mother. I never thought of it before."

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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Mr. Graham Balfour's life of his cousin, Robert Louis Stevenson, is to be published next month.

Mr. Andrew Lang has not exhausted the list of colors in titles for his fairy books. That for the approaching Christmas season is to be "The Violet Fairy Book."

The Kensington house in which Thackeray wrote "Vanity Fair" is still in existence. The house which Thackeray himself built at Kensington is that lettered No 2 Palace Gardens. The city authorities are to name one of the

new thoroughfares leading out of Kensington Square "Thackeray Avenue" or "Thackeray Street."

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which hitherto has not officially recognized the "Revised Version of the Bible," is now to supply it side by side with the "Authorized Version."

The last work completed by Sir Walter Besant was "The Story of King Alfred," written for the "Library of Useful Stories." The proof sheets had just been revised when the author was stricken with his fatal illness.

Punch recently celebrated its diamond jubilee. It was founded July 17, 1841, with Mr. Mark Lemon as its editor. Between him and the present occupant of the chair there have been only two editors, Messrs. Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor.

Carlyle sent "*Sartor Resartus*" to "*Fraser*" after it had gone the rounds of the publishers in vain. The magazine published it, but its appearance evoked so many protests from the readers that Mr. Fraser refused to issue it in book form. Carlyle, however, had stipulated that the printer should make up some thirty or forty complete copies as he printed it; and "*Sartor*" thus first saw the light as a pamphlet of 107 pages, all made up without break. It was the demand of American readers which brought into being the first regular edition, which appeared in 1836.

Apropos of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, "*G. K. C.*" in the London "*Daily News*" shows rather cleverly how easy it would be to prove that Lord Rosebery wrote the poems of Mr. W. B. Yeats:

The title of Mr. Yeats' chief prose work, "*The Secret Rose*," is an almost clumsily transparent disguise; it indicates at once "the shy or modest rose"—hence "*Prim-rose*," and, again, the Rose which is Buried—hence Rosebery, and the word "secret" itself suggests that there is a mystery in the matter. When once we had so clear a nucleus as this, the rest might legitimately be more indirect. "*The Wind among the Reeds*" would be held to mean the perturbation which Lord Rosebery's Imperialism would produce in the mind of Sir Robert Reid, while the remarkable selection of the rank in the peerage for "*the Countess Cathleen*" deserves serious attention.

A story whose theme at once recalls Rider Haggard and Robinson Crusoe is Philip Verrill Mighel's "*The Crystal Sceptre*," published by R. F. Fenno &

Co. Dropped from a balloon into the midst of a tropical forest, the hero finds himself among creatures half animal, half human, whom he names the "*Missing Links*," and over whom he finally becomes chief. The plot is worked out with great ingenuity of detail, and some of the incidents achieve real human interest and even pathos. The book can be heartily recommended to readers whose tastes incline them to this class of fiction.

Not only professional librarians, but private owners of libraries which include any considerable number of sets of periodicals, will welcome the abridged edition of Poole's Index to Periodical Literature, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce as now ready. The original Poole's Index is in such a form that the user must consult seven alphabets to complete the search for material bearing upon any subject. Its inclusion of more than four hundred periodicals makes it as costly as it is cumbersome. The new abridged index includes all the contents of thirty-seven leading periodicals from 1815 to the close of 1899. "*The Living Age*" and the "*Eclectic Magazine*" are among the periodicals covered.

Professor Francis Newton Thorpe's "*A History of the American People*" is not intended to challenge comparison with Professor McMaster's still unfinished work; but it gives, within about six hundred pages, a rapid and succinct narrative covering the whole subject, from the earliest settlements to the latest territorial acquisitions. The style is easy—sometimes, perhaps, a little too easy and colloquial—but it avoids the fault of dulness which is so often a consequence of condensation. The book is well-proportioned and is written in a philosophical temper which commends it to the student as well as to the average reader.

Good maps and an excellent index enhance its value. A. C. McClurg & Co.

An especial delight to the lover of short stories is a series in which the characters of one group appear and reappear, as they do in "the Nineteenth Hole," the collection of "tales of the fair green" which Harper & Bros. publish. The members of the Marion County Club are not unswerving in their loyalty to golf, and their achievements with the automobile diversify these lively chronicles, while other current fads meet their share of good-natured satire. Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen tells his stories extremely well, though he is less successful as he approaches the line of burlesque; and this second collection will be welcomed by the many readers who have been in the habit of watching for them in the magazines and will be glad to have them in a more permanent—and portable—form.

Vaughan Kester is to be congratulated on writing, and Harper & Bros. on publishing, seventh in their "American Novel Series," so stirring and wholesome a story as "The Manager of the B. & A." A small branch road running up into the Michigan lumber regions, the "Buckhorn and Antioch" entrusts its young manager with responsibilities ranging from repair shops to forest fires, and he meets them in a manly, efficient fashion that wins the reader's liking at the very start. In the development of the plot an unexpected psychological interest is added by the introduction of the hero's father—just pardoned from an Eastern prison—and the mutual relations of the two men are portrayed with skill and force. Clever descriptions of social life interrupt a succession of incidents which might otherwise be almost too rapid; there is a pretty bit of romance; and the minor characters are uncom-

monly well done. But the chief interest of the story centers in the manager himself—a typical "self made" American of the best sort, generous, enthusiastic, high-spirited and resolute. The book deserves the popularity it is sure to have.

"Gall Hamilton's Life in Letters," edited by her sister, Miss H. Augusta Dodge, and published in two volumes by Lee & Shepard, is a fresh and pungent contribution to the literature of autobiography. Any one familiar with "Gall Hamilton's" personality or with her incisive style as an essayist and correspondent, will be prepared to find the letters which fill these volumes piquant and somewhat acid in their comments upon men and affairs. But the range of subjects discussed will be a surprise to most readers, and also the occasional seriousness of tone. Written in the freedom of intimate correspondence with near relatives and friends, these letters contain many impressions which the writer, very likely, would not wish to have taken seriously, and some judgments which, possibly, she would not care to have stand. Allowance must always be made for comments dashed off, as some of these were, to entertain a friend, and conveying a capricious, rather than a deliberate opinion. Neither the living, who find themselves here impaled in a cutting paragraph or two, nor the friends of the dead, who may sometimes be cavalierly treated, should take "Gall Hamilton's" remarks too deeply to heart. For the ordinary reader, the books will be full of entertainment and of personal interest. There were few of "Gall Hamilton's" contemporaries, men or women, who enjoyed so wide an acquaintance as she in the fields both of politics and letters; and scarcely another who would have taken a keener delight in "doing up" the foibles of his friends.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Abelard, Peter. By Joseph McCabe. Duckworth & Co.
- Adversaries of the Sceptic, The: or The Specious Present. By Alfred Hodder, Ph.D. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.
- Agape and the Eucharist, The. By J. F. Keating, D.D. Methuen & Co.
- Aphorisms and Reflections: Conduct, Culture and Religion. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price 80 cts.
- Asia and Europe. Meredith Townsend. Archibald Constable & Co.
- By Command of the Prince. By John Lawrence Lambé. T. Fisher Unwin.
- By Land and Sky. By the Rev. J. M. Bacon. Isbister & Co.
- Crystal Sceptre, The. By Philip Ver-rill Mighels. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Following Christ: Practical Thoughts for Daily Living. By Floyd Tom-kins, S.T.D. George W. Jacobs & Co. Price 50 cts.
- Forgiveness, The Law of. By J. M. Shulhof, M.A., Heffer & Son.
- Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters. Edited by H. Augusta Dodge. 2 vols. Lee & Shepard. Price \$5.00.
- Hidden Model, The. By Mrs. Harrod (France Forbes-Robertson) Wm. Heinemann.
- Ionian Sea, By the: Notes of a Ramble in Southern Italy. By George Gising. Chapman & Hall.
- Islam, Essays on. By the Rev. E. Sell. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.
- Italy, Northern, The Cities of. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Grant Richards.
- Italy To-day. By Bolton King and Thomas Okey. J. Nisbet & Co.
- King Alfred, The Story of. By Sir Walter Besant. George Newnes. Ltd.
- "£19,000." By Burford Delannoy. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Labyrinth of the World, The. Translated from the Bohemian of Komensk by Count Lutzow. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.
- Land of Cockayne, The. By Matilde Serao. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Luck of the Vails, The. By E. F. Benson. Wm. Heinemann.
- Manager of the B. & A., The. By Vaughan Kester. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Myths of Greece. By George St. Clair. Williams & Norgate.
- Nineteenth Hole, The. By Van Tassel Sutphen. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Puritan and Anglican. By Edward Dowden. Kegan Paul & Co.
- Renaissance Types. By W. S. Lilly. Fisher Unwin.
- Russian Life in Town and Country. By Francis H. E. Palmer, sometime Secretary to H. H. Prince Droutskey-Loubetsky. George Newnes, Ltd.
- Secretary of Legation, A. By Hope Dawlish. Methuen & Co.
- Sirius and the Zodiac. By Ellen G. Fowler. Hodder & Stoughton.
- South Africa a Century Ago: Letters written from the Cape of Good Hope. By the Lady Anne Barnard. Edited by W. H. Williams. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Skirts of Happy Chance, The. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Methuen & Co.
- Ten Singing Lessons. By Mathilde Marchesi. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Thirteen Evenings, The. By George Bartram. Methuen & Co.
- What is Christianity? By Adolf Harnack. Translated by T. B. Saunders. Williams & Norgate.
- When a Witch is Young. By 4-19-69. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.50.